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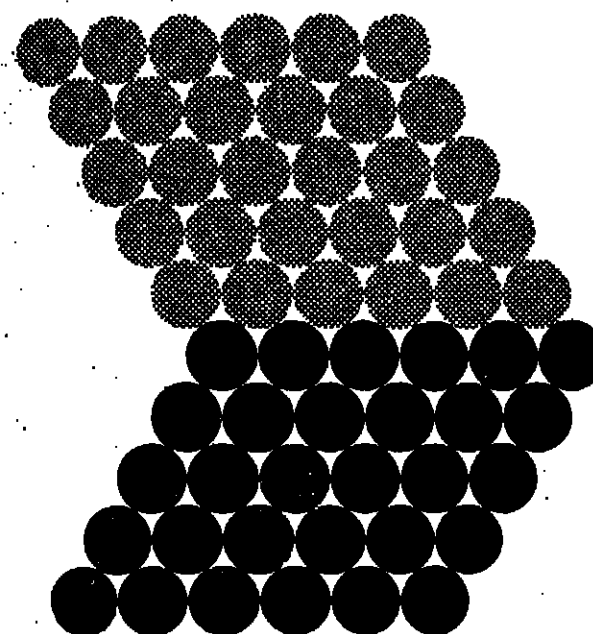


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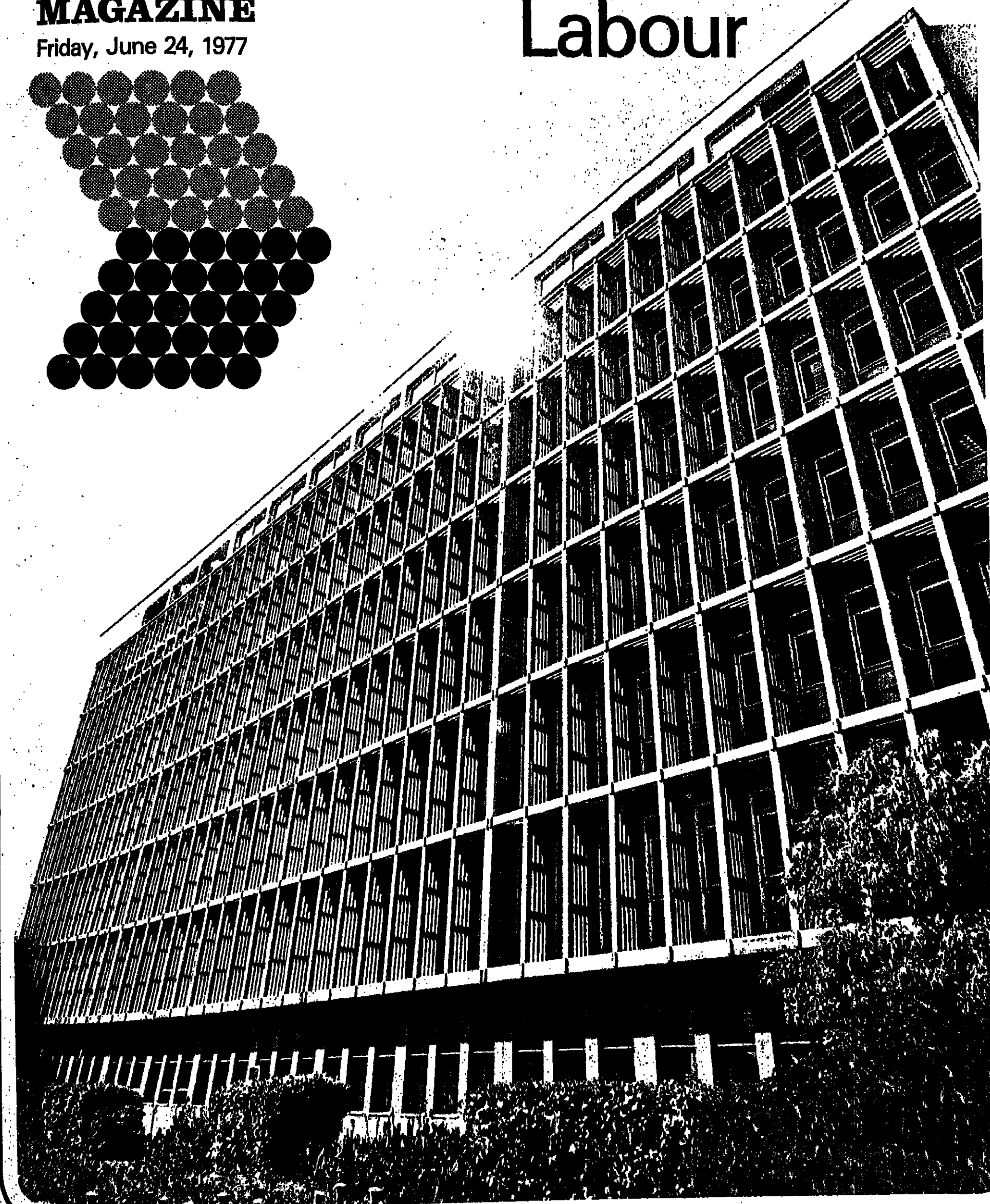
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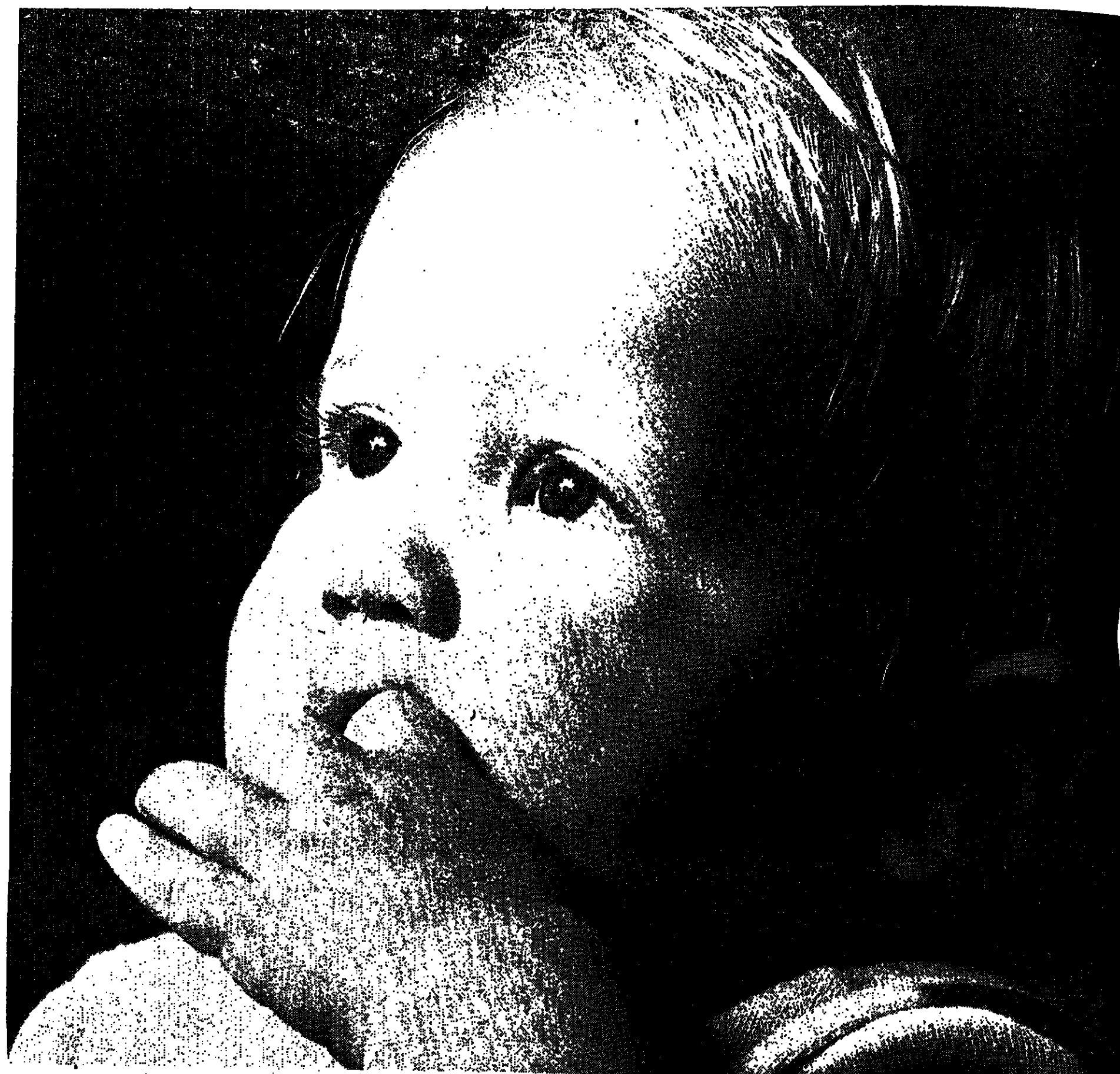
THE JERUSALEM  
**POST**  
MAGAZINE

Friday, June 24, 1977



**A win for  
Labour**





## For him you get IL.157 every month\*

Money has endless uses. And you can easily fritter it away. But if you, as parents, use the National Insurance Children's Allowance

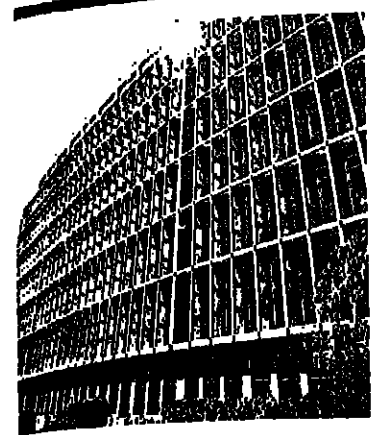
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Cover photo: The Histadrut H.Q. in Tel Aviv. (Rubinger)

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## ALYAH & ABSORPTION INFORMATION COLUMN

Successful absorption is a key to increased aliyah. The Ministry of Immigrant Absorption and the Jewish Agency are presenting this column as part of a series of articles designed to provide olim with information in various fields: practical advice, reports on changes in regulations, employment and housing opportunities, and stories of olim now absorbed. It is obvious that the column will not be aimed at the same reader each time.

The column is written by a staff of freelance writers, most of them olim. The views they hold are their own.

We are hoping that enough interest in this effort will be generated to encourage reader response, which will allow us to tailor the content to demand. It is not our intention to receive and reply to specific complaints of olim, but we will select problems encountered as subjects for future articles.

### CHILDREN'S ACTIVITIES FOR THE SUMMER VACATION

The end of June is approaching and the schools will soon be closing for the long summer recess. How will your children be spending their summer vacation — outings? Summer school? Camp? Or just hanging around the neighborhood?

Many, if not most, Israeli children spend a good part of their vacation attending summer camps (kaytana). These kaytana, both the privately and the publicly run versions, provide the main framework for kids to fill their summer morning (and sometimes afternoon) hours — to the great relief of their mothers. Supervised by licensed counselors and teachers, the children spend the day engaged in a variety of activities, helping them to develop their hobby interests and expand their knowledge, such as: arts and crafts, painting, viewing films, hikes, swimming and classes in specific school subjects. Of course, the degree, intensity and availability of activities varies with each individual kaytana.

**Summer Uplanim**  
The Ministry of Absorption in conjunction with the Ministry of Education sponsors special summer uplanim for children who came on aliyah after January 1, 1975. Within this specialized framework, the child studies the Hebrew language as well as Jewish and general subjects in a programme designed to help him catch up to

his class on work done during the previous year and to prepare him for the coming school year.

Summer uplanim usually take place at schools in vicinities housing fairly large concentrations of olim. Classes generally begin the first week in July. Elementary or primary school pupils attend uplan four hours each day, five days a week for four weeks. Older students have a more intensive schedule of five hours a day, six days a week for five weeks.

Children who participate in the uplan programme can join a municipal kaytana for the remaining month of August if there is space available.

Some uplanim offer full-day programmes lasting until 3:00 p.m. The Ministry of Absorption conducts organized play and recreation activities during these extra hours and lunch is usually served. In some of the uplanim, the children are taken to a municipal kaytana after their morning studies to participate in recreational activities together with the children of veteran Israelis.

Most of these summer uplanim are free of charge or have a minimal fee. Transportation from place to place, as mentioned above, is free.

For further details about summer uplanim, please contact your child's school principal or the education coordinator at the Ministry of Absorption district office nearest you. Also look for

advertisements in the various newspapers regarding registration.

Generally registration takes place at the child's school. Parents of those children who are not yet registered for school or have arrived in Israel during the summer vacation should contact either their caseworker or the education coordinator at the Ministry of Absorption.

Most Absorption Centres conduct their own summer uplanim for children. However, if there is no post-elementary school uplan facility at your centre or in your vicinity, you can register teen-age children at one of the Youth Aliyah summer uplanim, sleep-away facilities designed for junior high school and high school students. For more information about this type of uplan framework, contact your child's school principal or one of the Youth Aliyah (Aliyah Hanas) offices located throughout the country.

### SUMMER ACTIVITIES FOR ALL CHILDREN

**Municipal Day Camps**  
Israel's network of municipal day camps is quite extensive. These municipal facilities are much less expensive than private camps. This year the fee for a three-week session is approximately IL180 for a half-day programme (until 1:00 p.m.) and IL300 (including lunch) for a full-day programme (until 3:00 p.m.). Many municipal camps conduct two three-week sessions per summer. Families who are in financial need can sometimes receive reductions.

The Education and Culture Departments of the various municipalities are responsible for publicizing the details (dates, places, etc.) regarding their summer camp programmes. Additional inquiries can be made directly to your child's principal, as he should be in direct contact with the organizing bodies.

### Private Camps

Private camps offer your child the widest range of recreational activities, including hikes, organized swimming, nature tours, horseback riding, classes in arts and crafts, shop, etc. The camps generally run until 3:00 p.m. daily. The average fee for most private day camps is IL850. No reductions are given to families in financial need. Though they are considerably more expensive than their municipal counterparts, many parents prefer the private camps because of their locations and wider range of activities. Private sleep-away camps

are also available, some of which will be listed later on. These sleep-away camps are usually located on kibbutzim, moshavim or in resort areas near the sea.

Many large corporations and institutions of higher learning maintain their own private summer camps for their employees. The Israel Defence Forces sponsors such a camp for the children of its professional (Tz'va Kehva) personnel. Various philanthropic and volunteer organizations, such as WIZO, sponsor summer camps for children of working mothers or those who come from large families. Details on these camps can be obtained at the various branch offices of these organizations.

### Study Camps

During the month of July some of the universities maintain camps for science-oriented high school youth. Students who have completed the 11th grade and have passed necessary camp entrance examinations are eligible. Under the guidance of university lecturers, these camps offer various entertainment and cultural activities in addition to class room instruction. The usual fee for these sleep-away camps is IL70 per day. The Ministry of Absorption will contribute up to 2/3 of this fee for olim children who have been accepted into the programme.

### Other activities

Youths who are not interested in these regular summer camp programmes may want to join the tours sponsored by the Israel Society for the Protection of Nature (Hahavra L'haganat Hateva). When contacting this organization, be sure to ask for the special youth

tours (Tiylim M'udim L'bnei Noar).

The various youth organizations, such as the scouts (Hatzofim), B'nei Akiva, Hashomer Hatzair, Hanoar Haevod Valomed etc., also sponsor trips and outings for young people throughout the country. However, one must usually be a member of the organization year-round in order to benefit from these special summer activities. In any case, it is worthwhile contacting one of these youth organizations in your area for further information.

Other families spend their summer vacations taking courses offered by the Israel Sports Association. Many public swimming pools also offer courses during certain hours to both children and adults. Community Centres sponsor a variety of activities including drama, choir, tennis, folk dancing, jazz, dance, etc. Details can be obtained from the centre or organization in each locality.

For those youths who want to earn some extra money during their summer vacation, there are a limited number of positions available to high school age students. Some hospitals, offices, book-binders, metal workshops and even social work organizations offer temporary summer jobs to interested youth. Young people who are interested should contact the youth division of their local labour exchange (Lishket Ta'asooka).

**For Those Who Can Afford It**  
The following camps cater mainly to tourists and have informed the Ministry of Tourism that they will be holding summer sessions. The listing of a camp in this column does not constitute endorsement.

Name	(Office)	Tel. No.
<b>Netanya area:</b>		
Camp Garin, Moshav Udim (Rachel St. 6, Tel Aviv)		03-239440
Gvat Hayladiim, Even Yehuda		063/99011
Camp Shomron, Aloney Yitzhak (Brandels St. 31, Tel Aviv)		03/441982
		03/243224
<b>Tel Aviv area:</b>		
Camp Alizim, Kibbutz Galil-Yam (P.O.B. 25022, Tel Aviv)		03/783378
Magen Hadar, A. Ramat Afel (Sderot Oranim 60, Ramat Gan)		
B. Tivon (Haifa area)		03/751226
<b>Haifa area:</b>		
Hod Hacarmel (Danya St. 25, Haifa)		04/254901
Navah Hayeled, Moshav Haborim, Hof Hacarmel (P.O.B. 1188, Netanya)		063/91189
<b>Southern region:</b>		
Erez, Kfar Mordchal		055/91202

We have tried in the limited space of this column to list some of the many possibilities that are available to children during their summer vacation. In addition, we suggest that you follow the

newspapers for ads and notices and also check municipal bulletin boards. Also contact your child's school principal or other parents who have children of the same age. Whatever your source, act now — most programmes start in July. (G.M.S.)

Communicated by the Ministry of Immigrant Absorption

FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1977

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE THREE

هكذا من الأصل



# A CONDITIONAL VICTORY

ANYONE who was not present at Labour Party headquarters at 11 p.m. on Tuesday, June 21, has simply not experienced joy in its most elemental form. Just as anyone who was not present at Labour Party headquarters at 11 p.m. on Tuesday, May 17, has no idea what soul-crushing sorrow is.

The difference between the two Tuesday nights was that in May, the Labour Alignment lost far more in the Knesset race than it had expected, while in June, it lost far less in the Histadrut elections than it had feared.

But just as what happened on May 17 was not so much a Likud victory as a Labour defeat combined with a switch in the coalition loyalties of the NRP, so this week's Labour victory should be seen as a conditional one, in which understandable elation at retaining control of the Histadrut must be tempered by an awareness of the trends expressed by the results.

In figures, what happened was that Labour dropped four to five per cent of its 58 per cent representation in the Histadrut Convention, while the Likud increased its representation from 23 to 29 or 30 per cent. For Labour, the clear portent of these figures is that they constitute a worrisome continuation of long term trends that began in 1965. Up to that time, the parties that constitute today's Labour Alignment had consistently received 90 per cent and more of the vote to Histadrut Conventions. Beginning with that year, Likud's Tchelet-Lavan (Blue-White) faction increased its vote from 18 to 23 and now to close to 30 per cent.

Even more ominous from Labour's point of view is that, as with the general elections, these complementary trends have been based on a growing ethnic and class polarization of the vote. The Likud has been sewing up more and more of the votes of the poorer communities of the *adot hamizrah* in the development towns, the poorer moshavim and the slum sections of the major cities. This was very evident in this week's elections, when Likud's greatest successes were scored in such localities.

IN THE KNESSET on Monday, Prime Minister Begin opened his inaugural speech by asking for a year's period of grace for his new government. In similar vein, the jubilant Labour Alignment should view its Histadrut victory as granting it a four-year period of grace in which to try to reverse the most critical trend within the federation — the alienation of a growing number of members from the organisation, from the ideals for which it stands and the symbols which express them, and from the Labour Party men who have staffed its apparatus.

This accusation cannot be

The Labour Party's elation at retaining control of the Histadrut must be tempered with an awareness of the trends expressed by the results, writes Post reporter YOSEF GOELL.



Meshel and Alignment leaders: doubt to victory. (Photos: Avi Ben Glat)

loyelled against Yehoram Meshel, whose personal victory this was. Mr. Meshel, who for all his lack of charisma, is in close touch with the rank and file of the Histadrut and is aware of their feelings, is alive to these problems. His big challenge at the age of 65 (he might well have been retired had the elections been held later in the year, as originally scheduled) should be to pave the way for a younger generation of leaders. Their task, in turn, should be to adapt the 87-year-old Histadrut giant to the realities of the last quarter of the 20th century and restore its members' confidence.

IT IS STILL too early for a detailed analysis of the vote, and its implications; but some preliminary assessments may be essayed in regard to its effect on foreign relations, the internal political party scene and the Histadrut's relations with the Likud Government.

There is good reason to believe that, just as the Israeli political community has not rendered final judgment on the stability or expected lifespan of the Begin Government, neither has the American Government made up its mind on the matter. It is quite likely that the success of the

Labour Party in the Histadrut elections and the restoration of its self-confidence and fighting spirit will change the view of those Israel-watchers in the U.S. who were inclined to see the Likud Government as a flash in the pan that might, if necessary, be doused by a judicious application of American pressure.

Mr. Begin, who is certainly not unaware of such a possibility, may be expected to take steps to forestall the implications of such a view by reconsidering his attitude towards the inclusion of the DMC in his Government. In all likelihood, however, the Prime Minister will wait until after his meeting with President Carter and a personal assessment of the American scene before he decides on such a reversal.

The DMC may be easier to woo now that it has been disappointed in the Histadrut poll, too. The eight per cent or so it is expected to end up with is a respectable achievement in itself for a first try. But as with the more than respectable 15 seats it got in the Knesset, mere respectability does not necessarily get one anywhere in the real world of politics.

Once Labour gets over its initial euphoria, it would be well advised to take the initiative in offering the DMC a partnership on the Histadrut's *Va'ada Merakzeset* (Executive Bureau), even though it does not need the party for a controlling majority. Establishing a binding partnership with the DMC in the Histadrut now may be the best way for Labour to preempt a DMC decision in a few weeks' time to invite, or respond to, Likud initiatives for its inclusion in the Government coalition.

THE INTENSITY of the struggle for the Histadrut seems to have led, as was the case in the Knesset, to the near demise of the small lists in the centre and on the fringes of the political map. This was the case on Tuesday with Ha'oved Hadati, the Independent Liberal-Citizen's Rights bloc and the left-wing Sheili.

Ha'oved Hadati voters who dropped from over four per cent to less than two per cent this time seem to have defected primarily in the direction of the Likud. ILP voters, as was the case in the Knesset, were largely swallowed up by the DMC newcomers. And Sheili has again shown that, contrary to the impression created by the articulateness of its intellectual and artistic stars, it is simply a nonentity when it comes to counting the votes.

One of the most encouraging results of Tuesday's vote was the performance of the Arab voters, who gave the Communist Rakah 32 per cent compared with the 50 per cent that the Communist Democratic Front received in the Knesset elections. On the one hand this is an interesting indication of the growing sophistication of the Arab constituency, which is learning to split its vote in different electoral situations. On the other hand, in no other constituency is one so justified in speaking of the clock standing at five minutes to 12.

The Knesset vote was a dangerous indication of the readiness of a large part of the Arab electorate to express its alienation from Israel itself. Their Histadrut vote should be taken as

a sign that not everything is lost and that, given the right leadership, the Arab minority can still be more fully integrated in Israel. But that leadership will have to be allowed to attain positions of prestige and power in the Histadrut if it is to provide an alternative to the Rakah leadership and to the even more strident irredentist militants who have taken over the street in a number of Arab villages.

ORGANIZATIONALLY, the ones who deserve the lion's share of the credit for Labour's success are the kibbutzim. Thousands of kibbutzniks threw themselves into this campaign as if their lives depended on it (to some extent they were not so very wrong), and the physical presence of Labour activists in the streets of the towns and cities was as evident this time as was its absence in the Knesset elections.

It would be extremely unwise of these kibbutzim, however, to blind themselves to the animosity to anything that smacks of the Kibbutz Movement that pervades many of the neighbouring development towns. The Kibbutz Movement, as a matter of ideology, prided itself in the past on its partnership with urban labourers and the intelligentsia. Attempts to establish a similar relationship with the populations of the development towns have not succeeded. In this far from simple task, the kibbutzim are not solely responsible for the growing alienation between these two populations, but it is they who have the most to lose from not reversing it. The virulent anti-kibbutz propaganda which characterized the Likud's campaign this time and the violence which it provoked, as in the case of the vandalism at Givat Haim last Saturday night, should be perceived as the writing on the wall.

Will the differing results in the Knesset and the Histadrut elections lead to greater labour unrest? Not necessarily. But the major factor that the Likud Government will have to take into account is Labour's restored self-confidence.

Finance Minister Ehrlich is lucky in having Yehoram Meshel rather than Yitzhak Ben-Aharon at the Histadrut helm at this point. But he should not delude himself. Meshel is on record as being prepared for an across-the-board agreement with Ehrlich on the stabilization of wages, prices, profits and taxes. But any attempt on Mr. Ehrlich's part to implement an ideology-based, free-enterprise economic programme will run up against a Labour-controlled Histadrut just itching for a confrontation that could lead to the fall of the Government and new elections before the end of the Ninth Knesset's four-year tenure.

It would be regrettable if this were to prove to be the course of events, for the main solution to the problem of labour unrest is an internal Histadrut compact between different groups of workers on a fair distribution of income and a rational and open salary scale. This, in turn, must be coupled with Histadrut and Government cooperation on a policy for increasing the productivity of labour as part of a programme for getting the economy going once again. □



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EVERY HOSPITAL of any standing holds a regular Clinical Pathological Conference.

Usually once a week, a senior physician takes the platform in the medical lecture hall and presents a case history to his colleagues:

"Patient X, aged 65, a high-ranking government official, who led a fairly sedentary life, was admitted to our department a month ago. He was born in Poland; came to Israel 28 years ago, married and fathered three children, all alive, all well. He remembered no unusual diseases among his mother's or father's families. His mother died at 73; cause unknown; his father died at 72, patient believes of a heart attack. Aside from the usual childhood diseases, Patient X was rarely sick.

"He was referred to our department by his family physician following complaints of severe cramps in his stomach, nausea, inability to hold down his food, and a persistent temperature of 38.5° C. His temperature upon admission was 36 degrees; his pulse rapid; his blood pressure high. All routine and several special tests were performed; all results were within the normal range.

"It was decided to perform an exploratory operation, but his condition suddenly worsened. On the night of May 18 he went into a coma, and despite efforts to save him, he died on the morning of May 19. We believe he died as a result of Disease Y; but we do not rule out Disease Z."

THE SENIOR physician begins to answer questions from his colleagues, and they come thick and fast: Why didn't you test for...? Did you X-ray his...? Why did you rule out the possibility of this disease...? Are you sure he was not taking drugs without your knowledge, which would distort the entire medical picture?

The hospital's pathologist takes the stand. He is one of the best trained and most deeply respected physicians in the hospital.

This pathologist flashes slide after slide on the screen, each showing a microscopic thin slice of a specimen taken from the deceased's body during the post-mortem.

The pathologist explains his findings. Sometimes the patient died of neither disease Y nor Z but of something else, and the treatment given him in fact hastened his death. (In fairness, it must be remembered that the cases in which the doctors failed are the ones chosen for these Clinical Pathological Conferences.) If another method of treatment had been chosen, the patient might be well today, complaining about the food in the hospital.

IT IS THE work of the pathologist, who few patients even know exists, who works in his lab behind closed doors, to try to help medicine develop into a more exact science. And, many physicians charge, the Orthodox parties now want to relegate this to an ineffectual post.

Dr. Rami Yishay, President of the Israel Medical Association, notes that during the 1980s, a few ultra-Orthodox zealots launched a campaign of vilification against pathologists, charging them with *bityon hamet* (disrespect for the dead).

"These pathologists not only help us to pinpoint the cause of death, but also help to prevent us from making mistakes in future. And they also help us to increase our medical knowledge," Dr.

## A MATTER OF LIFE & DEATH

The Orthodox establishment and the medical profession have come to a head-on confrontation over the question of autopsies. Post Reporter MACABEE DEAN talks to both sides, in the light of the Begin Government's concessions to its coalition partners.



Yishay says. "Moreover, and most important, it must be remembered that most of the work of pathologists is not with post-mortems, but with examining specimens of the tissue of the living. The pathologists must decide while an operation is in progress, for example, if a specific growth is benign or cancerous. It is his decision which often helps us save the life of a patient."

WHAT IS the history of post-mortems? According to Dr. Yishay, Jewish physicians were allowed to perform them in the Mishna period. They were frowned upon by the Catholic Church, however, until the 18th century; then the Church reversed its stand. Significantly, it was during this period that the basis for modern medicine was laid.

The definitive Jewish Orthodox stand was taken about two centuries ago by Rabbi Yehoshua Landau (called Hanoda Biye'huda), the leading rabbi of Prague. Two patients were dying in a hospital in Prague. After one died, the doctors asked the rabbi for permission to perform an autopsy on the body — so they might find some clue to save the other dying patient.

The doctors maintained that this would be *pikuah nefesh*, which can be roughly translated as "risk of life" or "a matter of life and death," which has the highest precedence in Judaism.

Rabbi Landau agreed, establishing the principle that it was permissible, if the doctors thought that the autopsy would produce medical knowledge "here and

now" which might save a human life. This "here and now" principle is of the utmost importance, for it ruled out holding a post-mortem for research purposes (although gradually accumulated knowledge does eventually save human life).

The next notable step was the agreement reached between late Chief Rabbi Isaac Herzog and Dr. Haim Yassky (who was killed in the Mt. Scopus convoy before the State was founded), which became the basis for the Law of Anatomy and Pathology of 1958.

This law had four main provisions: □ A post-mortem is obligatory if ordered by the authorities (such as the police) to determine if the deceased was the victim of foul play.

□ If the cause of death was patently unclear, such as a perfectly healthy person dying suddenly.

□ If the person is suspected to have had a genetic disease whose discovery would prevent ruining the lives of unborn children.

All three of these provisions, it will be noted, are extensions of the "here and now" principle, and they have direct applications.

The fourth provision did not have this immediacy. It stated simply that a post-mortem was permissible if it would "help" another person; none the less, the medical profession called this too *pikuah nefesh*.

The rabbis objected to the fourth provision as being too liberal, since it gave the doctors wide discretion. About a decade ago, the doctors and the Orthodox community reached a *modus vivendi* (which almost became

law in 1985). It provided that the deceased's family had five hours (or more if the death took place on Saturdays or holidays) after being informed of the death to protest against a post-mortem. However, if the family did object, the autopsy could be carried out *against* their will if three doctors signed a certificate saying that the post-mortem was necessary for either one of these two reasons:

If it was believed that a person carried an infectious disease (possibly plague germs) which could cause the death of others; and to determine the cause of death to see if a medical error had been made, so this error could be prevented in future.

"Two things must be kept in mind," Dr. Yishay notes. "First, passive agreement by the family allowed us to go ahead; second, the final decision in these cases was made by the medical profession, not by the family or anyone else."

WHAT EXACTLY do the Orthodox have against all this? The Tel Aviv-Jaffa Religious Council spokesman suggested that Rabbi Haim Pardess, the dynamic spiritual leader of Beit El synagogue, at 23 Frishman St., could give the liberal Orthodox viewpoint.

I asked the rabbi: Is it true that the Orthodox are against post-mortems because when the "dead are resurrected" (*tshiyat hametim*), those who lack parts (or organs) from their bodies cannot rise from the grave?

The answer: There is no truth in all this. It is some sort of mysticism to which we do not subscribe. When the dead arise, nobody will be excluded, even if parts or all of his body are missing.

Rabbi Pardess says Orthodox objections arise from entirely different grounds. "Judaism recognized as sacred (*kadosh*) three things: places, times and people. Within each group, some are more sacred than others."

Thus, the High Priest (*ha'cohen hagadol*) is more sacred than an ordinary Cohen who in turn is more sacred than an ordinary Jew; and the Jewish people are more sacred than other peoples — but this sanctity is not only a privilege but also an obligation. Moreover, Jews living in Israel are more important (here they are 'more important,' not more sacred) than Jews living abroad.

Judaism dictates that the human body be buried in its entirety, otherwise there is a *bityon hamet*. There are no exceptions, unless it is a matter of *pikuah nefesh* and this includes borderline cases where there is doubt.

Rabbi Pardess breaks the matter of autopsies down into four categories: □ Transplants of organs from bodies. If a transplant is done to save another life, then *pikuah nefesh* takes precedence over the ban on post-mortems. "Not only this, but a doctor is in duty bound to carry out such transplants."

However, the rabbis demand that a rabbi be present to determine the death of the donor. "We are afraid that the physicians will fix the time of death of the donor so they can take out the organ earlier."

Medical students studying anatomy. "They can learn anatomy from slides and movies like they do in many large medical centres in the U.S. and England. However, if the students feel they must use human bodies, let them go abroad to do it; and if

they must do it in Israel, let them use non-Jewish bodies. But I prefer slides to anything else."

(Dr. Yishay notes that many scientifically minded people have freely donated their bodies to medical schools; here, the question does not even arise.)

□ Performing autopsies for research. "This is totally and absolutely forbidden. The chances of learning anything that may save a life, even by accumulating a body of knowledge which may save a life in the distant future, is infinitesimally small."

□ Doing a post-mortem to determine the cause of death. Here, Rabbi Pardess splits the problem into two categories.

The first category is when knowing the cause of death can definitely "here and now" save another specific person, such as the dead person was bearing a plague germ, or some rare disease. "In these cases, it is a *miluva* and a matter of *pikuah nefesh* to perform a post-mortem."

The second category is in determining the cause of death without any specific application. "Here, even if the doctors don't know the cause, they can read medical literature to learn the reason. Moreover, in the overwhelming majority of cases, learning the cause of death will not be useful in saving another life, not today and not in the future, not in Israel and not abroad. There is no *pikuah nefesh* here."

NOW THE rabbinical scholars say that the written agreement of the family must be obtained in writing if there is to be a post-mortem.

Dr. Yishay comments that "if this happens, the emphasis is shifted from passive agreement by the family, to active agreement. The doctors must take the initiative in persuading the family. Moreover, the matter is further complicated if the closest member of the family agrees, but a distant member disagrees. Will the closest member quarrel with the others over this? When all members of the family are in mourning? Hardly."

"This amendment will deal a serious blow to the practice of medicine in Israel. At present, we are already leaning over backwards to respect the wishes of any family which objects. We are approaching the red line when it comes to numbers of autopsies performed. If we do less post-mortems, the level of medicine will fall."

Dr. Yishay refuses to say what the "red line" is, but Professor Raphael Reiss, chief surgeon at Meir Hospital, in Kfar Saba, says it is about 50 per cent. Some years ago it was 60 per cent.

Dr. Yishay notes that "even today, with all the resources of medical literature at our disposal, with hundreds of different tests available, with X-rays, electronic microscopes, biopsies, we still often cannot determine the cause of death with complete accuracy. We must perform post-mortems to learn from our mistakes; to enlarge our medical knowledge and to prevent further mistakes."

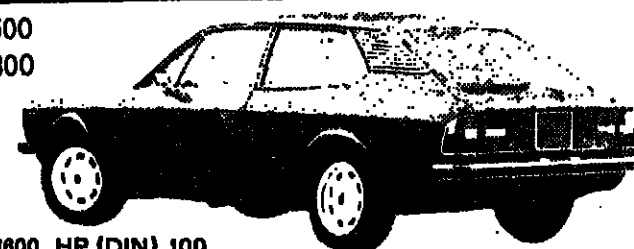
There is no difference between an operation on a sick person, to save a person's life, and one on a dead person to save someone else's life in future. In both cases, the operation is carried out with the deepest respect for the patient and his family. In both cases it is *pikuah nefesh*. Let me quote (Dr. Yishay comes from an Orthodox background) Sanhedrin 47a: "Working for the honour of the living does not constitute a tempt for the dead."

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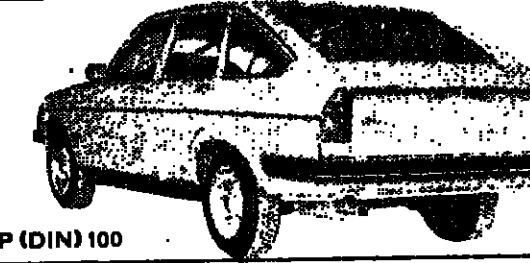
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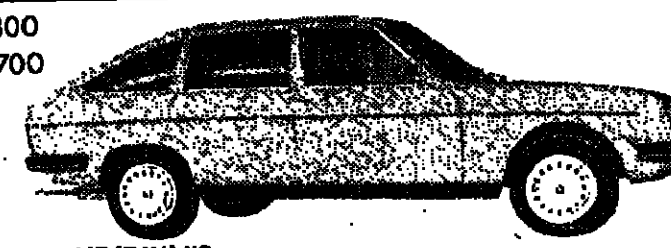
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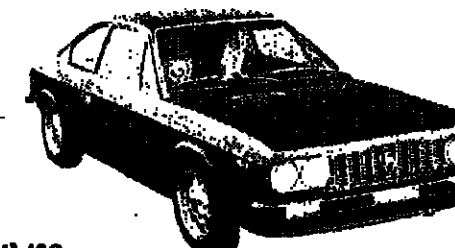
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FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1977

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE SEVEN



# NEW FACES IN THE KNESSET

Every general election brings its crop of freshmen parliamentarians. Post reporter PHILIP GILLON interviews three new members of the Knesset — MOSHE SHAMIR of the Likud, DANNY ROSOLIO of the Alignment, and MORDECHAI ELGRABLI of the DMC — and learns what took them into politics and their views on the crucial issues they will be tackling in the coming months.

MANY YEARS AGO I interviewed Moshe Shamir — the most articulate voice of the Palmah generation — in his house in Ofek, and he showed me his garden with considerable pride. This time he is harder to visit, as he lives in a narrow lane in the Jewish Quarter of the Old City, and tracing it is no easy matter. When I find him, he waves an expansive hand at a remarkable view of Jews praying at the Western Wall, with the dome of the Al-Aksa Mosque behind them. I mention that there is perhaps something ironic about a former spokesman for Hashomer Hatzair living cheek by jowl with members of *gushim*. And he reacts with some indignation.

"It depends what you consider ironic," he replies. "Back in 1952, I was working in Jerusalem on my novel, *The King of Flesh and Blood*. That was when I developed my intense love for Jerusalem, a love that I hope was felt by the readers of the book. To describe the Jerusalem of that time I had to rely entirely on my imagination, but I always hoped that some day I would get a chance to see it. Now I'm living in the vicinity of the palace of King Jannaeus; it seems to me to be logical, not ironic."

Born in Safad in 1921, Shamir became a member of Kibbutz Mishmar Ha'emek, joined the Palmah, was a captain in the War of Independence, wrote many plays and novels about those traumatic years for his generation. Doesn't he feel strange going into the Knesset as a devoted supporter of Menahem Begin, the arch-enemy of Hashomer Hatzair, while his former friends are in the opposition?

"The basic education we got in Hashomer Hatzair taught us a great love and devotion to the whole land of Israel. *Eretz Israel Hashlema* — which I translate as the whole of the land of Israel — is a Hashomer Hatzair expression. Expanding the borders and settling remote places were vital aspects of our philosophy. This was how we expressed our love of our country."

Would he say then that the leaders of Mapam and Hashomer Hatzair are betraying their ideals by opposing annexation of the West Bank?

HE MAKES a gesture of distaste. "Betraying is too strong a word. I would rather say that Mapam is neglecting the early principles of Hashomer Hatzair — they have lost their contact with the young people because they don't put in the forefront of their philosophy the principle that the fruit of your sacrifice and effort belongs to you. I want to stress that — the fruit of your sacrifice and effort belongs to you. Youngsters in Mapam fight as hard as anyone in Israel's wars, they work as hard during peace, but somewhere along the line their leaders abandoned the idea that there is some purpose in making these great efforts. They have become schizophrenic, and deny themselves the fruit."

As I understand his views, his concept of *Eretz Israel Hashlema*

is not based on the need for security for Israel, but on faith, on recovering the historic borders of the Jewish homeland. On what period in Jewish history is his faith based?

"We don't base our claim to the whole Land of Israel on any particular era in Biblical history. Our rights to the particular borders we hold today are based on where we colonized, and the rights granted us by international bodies through the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate. Churchill took away Transjordan illegally."

Does he visualize ever taking over Transjordan, or maybe cumulating King David in taking over Damascus?

"No. The Jewish people missed a chance to settle Transjordan. Our borders were set by the Six Day War. Now we have to justify our right to the Land by producing a clear plan and then settling the Land."

Can he see the Americans and the Russians, let alone the Arabs, acquiescing in this programme?

"In the end they will, if we make our intentions clear. I think we could change our priorities — put less emphasis on what America thinks, more on direct negotiations with the Arabs."

DOES HE favour immediate annexation of the West Bank?

"Annexation has two aspects, one factual and the other technical and legal. We should settle the areas as if they are part of Israel, but formal annexation is something for the remote future."

What of the Arabs? "If the Arabs remain in large pockets, they will have the choice of becoming Israeli citizens or of being citizens of some other Arab country."

How does he feel about the social and economic ideas of Professor Milton Friedman and Simha Ehrlich?

"Long before the Six Day War I protested in my writings against the decay of the ideal of working, of producing, to get one's daily bread. Honour and self-respect demand that we should have a slogan of 'No work, no bread.' This is a basic Zionist ideal, which we lost. The cancer started with the acceptance of German reparations. I attacked this two decades ago, in my play, *The Bet*, in which I protested against our living on money soaked in Jewish blood. If the Likud succeeds in bringing back payment for merit and work done, an end to *protektzia* and handouts, there will be a great achievement."

I wave out of the window at the view. And religion? Has he also become Orthodox?

"My respect and admiration for the Jewish religion started to grow years ago when I began work on my historical novels. I hope that we'll find a way of reintroducing that wonderful spring of wisdom and love into our lives."

One way and another, it sounds as if he is very happy in the Likud. "Can a writer or artist ever be happy among politicians? Politics involves practical manipulations,



(Above) Moshe Shamir. (Centre) Danny Rosolio. (Below) Mordechai Elgrabli.



and I'm generally out-maneuvred. But I see service in politics as a duty, just as I saw service in war."

THE EARLY YEARS of Danny Rosolio, number 18 on the Alignment list, were somewhat similar to those of Moshe Shamir. He was born in Tel Aviv in 1927, was a member of a youth movement, served in the Palmah and participated in the blowing up of bridges and became a founder of Beit Arava, a settlement on the

Dead Sea. Beit Arava had to be abandoned, and, after the War of Independence and the split in the Kibbutz Movement, Danny joined other Kibbutz Hameuhad ex-members of Beit Arava to establish Kibbutz Kabri. There he became a teacher of history and the social sciences; at one stage he headed his Movement's department of education.

After the Six Day War, Ahdut Ha'avoda leader Israel Galili became a cabinet minister, and

Danny served as his assistant political adviser. Then he spent some time off to acquire a master's degree in sociology and anthropology at Tel Aviv University. For four years he was Secretary of Kibbutz Hameuhad. He was a member of the Alignment sub-committee on political issues, defence and Israel's future.

Danny says bluntly that the Likud triumph in elections is a catastrophe of overwhelming dimensions. When I put it to him that change from one party to another is implicit in the democratic process, he shakes his head vigorously.

"You cannot compare what happened in Israel on May 29, 1977, with the change in government in the U.S. or England. There you have groups that are more or less the same; here we have two competing philosophies, two opposing approaches to life. Basically, I would say that the Labour Party tries to deal with problems in a rational way; now we have leaders who are ultra-nationalistic, chauvinistic, fanatical, mystical. I'm afraid that things are going to be very bad."

For decades, Menahem Begin has provided an ideal example of the loyal leader of the opposition. cannot the Alignment play a similar role while it waits its turn?

"Begin was so excellent in position that it is a pity he did not stay there. I think we are in hard times, with an emphasis on holding territories, not because of security considerations, but because of some article of faith, the economic and social policies, are going to stress individualism as opposed to the collective good; the emphasis will be on interest of the few as opposed to the interest of the many."

"If Ehrlich means what he says and does what he means, prospects are very bright. For the first time in our history the voters have given Begin a chance to execute policies, and I think they have every intention of seeing him through. The voters are sorry when it is too late."

IS IT NOT possible that Dayan as Foreign Minister curb some of Begin's extremes? "The Dayan affair is very very bad. He knows Begin as I do; he knows that Begin will change. As Foreign Minister he will have to carry out the Government policy, even if he has reservations about it."

Surely, he admits that the Labour Party deserved punishment for the vote, with the scandals and the feud between Yitzhak Rabin and Shimon Peres?

"I was one of the members of the Party who thought that the split was not only bad but butznilk; I told Peres so. So I supported Rabin. I'm a butznilk; we believe that point people to do jobs, and give them a chance to do them. Nobody can work properly if

being knifed in the back." Great parties in other democracies have collapsed after losing power, and never recovered again. The Rabin-Peres fight and the Dayan defection seem to indicate that there is a possibility of the Labour Party ever getting back to its former glory."

"There is great danger that something like this will happen to the Party; another split would be a death-blow. But I believe that we can restore the Party to its rightful place. There is great potential, very great potential. If the leaders rise above self-interest and do not indulge in the end, the material is there, and the need is there; we can do it."

Can he visualize the Labour Party joining a national coalition, for example, if war breaks out, and Begin appeals for a united front against the world?

"I don't think Begin will start a war, and I believe that the Arabs don't want one either. I'm opposed to a national unity government, even in times of emergency. I don't think we needed one in 1967 or in August 1970, the Likud left over the question of the fear of attrition. Two parties with opposing policies can't govern together. It doesn't make sense. A cart can't be pulled in two different directions at the same time."

How does he see the future? "Steady. But, if the Party puts its house in order, the voters will come back to their senses. I hope we'll change the position before the Likud has done too much damage."

MORDECHAI ELGRABLI, the Moroccan-born member of the DMC, looks a pocket-sized version of Yitzhak Navon, the champion of the Sephardi cause and culture in the Alignment ranks.

Elgrabi got into the Knesset the hard way. Before entering politics, he was working very happily in the Planning Division of the Ministry of Education. The law requires that any civil servant standing for election has to resign at least three months before the voting takes place. With two small children, and a third on the way, it was no light matter for Mordechai to give up his job in February, especially as it was not even certain that he would get on the DMC list (the DMC only held its own internal elections in March).

"My wife Georgette and I discussed the matter right through the night. I was very happy in my work, I got on remarkably well with everyone, and I felt that I was achieving a great deal for children from the slums. But at last, Georgette said, 'Look, if you don't give it a try, you'll regret it all your life, and you'll hold it against me. Go ahead. If it doesn't come off, we'll manage.' So he resigned. In the internal elections, Mordechai, the leader of the Sephardi Oded Movement, was only placed 15th, much to the dissatisfaction of the Moroccans and other Sephardis in the DMC.

"There was a crisis; we thought of quitting the DMC. Yadin spoke to me and persuaded me to stay." The next problem was to establish contact with the voters. "Nobody knew me, very few people had ever heard of me. All through the next few months I was busy going to meetings, visiting people, introducing myself on the streets and in factories. The DMC appointed me chairman of its social and educa-

tion committee. Dr. Israel Katz and Yadin were members. We drew up an excellent plan. That helped to get me before the public."

MORDECHAI, the eldest of 11 children, was born in 1944 in Meknes, a town with a well-established Jewish community of 5,000. He describes his family as "lower middle class, poor."

"I studied at first in the Talmud Torat in Meknes," he recalls. "Later I went to the Alliance's Jewish Seminary for Teachers in Casablanca. The Jews in Meknes were always strong Zionists. In 1963, Ben-Gurion went to Paris, and there he complained that very few intellectuals from Morocco were settling in Israel and helping their fellow Moroccans. This inspired the formation of Oded in France. We heard about it, and I and a few of my friends got to Marseilles; from there, we came to Israel, bringing 200 students with us. That was in 1964."

With the aid of the Jewish Agency, he went straight to the Hebrew University to study economics, and got his B.A. in 1968. He supported himself by doing all kinds of part-time jobs.

In 1967, the rest of the family came to Israel.

Their's is certainly a success story. One of his sisters is a mathematician and computer expert; a brother is a rabbi, another sister hopes to become a doctor or a pharmacist. How does one explain these remarkable accomplishments by members of a very large family that came here virtually penniless?

"We went through some very hard times, believe me, and we all worked very hard. Basically, the credit is due to my mother; she's a very strong character. She helped my father in the small grocery shop he opened, and she raised the family; she was determined that we should all study. Many Moroccan mothers are like this — in fact I call her 'My Moroccan mama.'"

Despite having to work and study, Mordechai Elgrabi always found time to help others in his community. Together with Rachel Ben Shachar, he founded "Volunteers to the Communities." He reckons that they helped nearly 3,000 children from the slums to get educated. In 1969, he became chairman of Oded; two years later, he began work at the Education Ministry.

"We were non-political. Even if we had wanted to, we couldn't have got into the Alignment; they kept all doors closed against outsiders. In any case, we held the Alignment responsible for the social and educational mess in which the Sephardis found themselves. Six months ago, I heard Yadin on television, and I was very impressed; I liked his whole approach to social and other problems. So Oded decided to join him. At first there were only seven of us in the DMC; by September we had 10."

He would have liked to serve on the Knesset social and education committee. "I've got all kinds of ideas, many programmes in mind. Every child has a vast potential; we've got to develop it. A state without material resources can't afford to neglect its human resources the way Israel does. The problem begins long before school. Eighty per cent of the Likud's voters come from these poor suburbs. I hope the new Government will do something about the social gap. But we can't leave it to the State, can't rely only on the Government. I hope to foster the Oded spirit of volunteering." □



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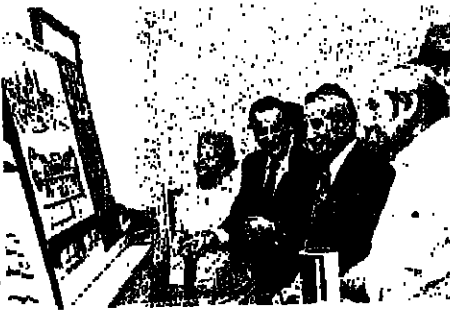
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Hon. Chairman, Canadian Friends of Michalah  
Mr. Kurt Rothschild  
Chairman, Canadian Friends of Michalah  
Mr. Nachman Sokol  
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Weinbaum

May the Almighty bring this wonderful couple his  
choicest blessings of health and long life.  
Rabbi Martin L. Applebaum Rabbi Dr. Yehudah Copperman  
Director General Dean



From left to right: Mrs. Faye Tanenbaum, Rabbi Henry Hoschander, Mr. Joseph Tanenbaum and Mr. Nachman Sokol, all of Toronto, and drawings of the new Joseph & Faye Tanenbaum Library Centre, by Jerusalem architect, Jacob Alon.

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# SINGULAR PROBLEM



Israel is a couples-oriented society in which little attention is paid to the needs of the unmarried, WALTER RUBY concludes after talking to a cross-section of unattached Israelis.



"ISRAEL IS like the ark, everyone goes in couples," a single woman told me recently. "For those who have not had the luck to find someone to marry, this can be a very depressing place."

The couples-oriented aspects of Israeli society are evident to everyone: the elaborate wedding and the cult of the bride, as well as the emphasis placed on having children, both as a means of self-fulfillment and as an obligation to the State.

Said one 29-year-old single man, who generally goes out with much younger women: "Unmarried women over 25 often go a bit crazy in this country. They are subjected to thoughtless teasing by their peers because they haven't found a man, and have to fend off questions about their prospects from well-meaning parents."

One of the major problems for singles is simply to find decent lodgings. There is very little housing available in the urban areas. Israeli-born singles are not eligible to rent apartments in the new Amidar-Amikoor housing projects. The Housing Ministry recently made available small loans of up to IL\$5,000 to singles interested in buying flats, but only men over 35 and women over 30 can apply for them.

Preference is given to singles in especially difficult circumstances, such as those who live with their parents and need to escape from family tensions. There is housing in the development towns for singles with socially preferred professions like teaching, medicine, and nursing, but there are few takers.

"Singles over 25 living in development towns tend to be natives with serious problems who don't have the dynamism to escape," said a social worker in Migdal Ha'emek. "The chances of an older single finding someone to marry are very small in a place like Migdal."

THE HOUSING situation of single immigrants has improved somewhat, but is still unsatisfactory, according to Urit Kahanoff, assistant to the Absorption Ministry spokesman. Housing rights and rent subsidies have been extended from three to five years, and the single immigrant is now entitled to a mortgage loan of up to IL\$5,000 on the purchase of a flat.

Another encouraging factor is the increasing number of singles hostels: one room (plus kitchen and bathroom) rental flats in special singles buildings in or near the major urban areas. However, this reporter recently visited one single's hostel in Kiryat Ata, near Haifa, and found there were a number of serious complaints.

The hostel, which caters mainly to American and European immigrants, is located in the middle of a Georgian apartment complex where there has been a rash of petty crimes, and many of the women from the hostel are afraid to go out at night. The residents, also complained of poor maintenance and managerial indifference; the hostel's club-room is usually locked in the evenings. Nevertheless, most of the residents I talked to said the quality of their social lives had improved since they moved to the hostel.

"It was a bit difficult meeting people at first, but once the barriers broke down, we really began having a good time," said Yigal Yacobyovich, a Rumanian immigrant.

The hostel gives the single im-

migrant the chance to live alone. "Before this I lived with three other girls, and it was awful," said one French *olim*. "Here I can have my own place and do what I want, and still have people close by."

SINGLE IMMIGRANTS who solve their housing problems still have to contend with a loneliness and alienation from the Israeli scene. Said a representative of the Association of Americans and Canadians in Israel: "Most single *olim* are not well enough adjusted to the language and the culture here to find Israeli friends. They need a solid group of friends from their own culture before they venture out into society. For the immigrant family, it is easier. They can base their friendships on common problems with kids and schools."

Rivka eventually moved to Haifa and another clerical job. There were problems when she and a girl friend went to look for an apartment together; they were repeatedly turned down by landlords who told them that single girls were apt to be noisy and bring around young men all hours of the night.

The young women finally found a suitable apartment; but after a year, Rivka moved out and got her own place. "We had some differences, and I decided that if I didn't have a husband, I wanted to live alone. I figured I had a boss at work and didn't need one at home."

Despite her love for Kiryat Shmona and her family, she finds it painful to go home. "My younger sister recently got engaged, and my parents keep asking me when I'll get married," she says. "It's hard, because I want to get married more than anything else in the world. I want to have children. I'm not a feminist, but a very traditional girl."

Sue is a 26-year-old former Australian who came to Israel in 1972. A member of a highly active Habonim group in her home city of Perth, she wanted to sample the kibbutz way of living as part of an Australian *garin*.

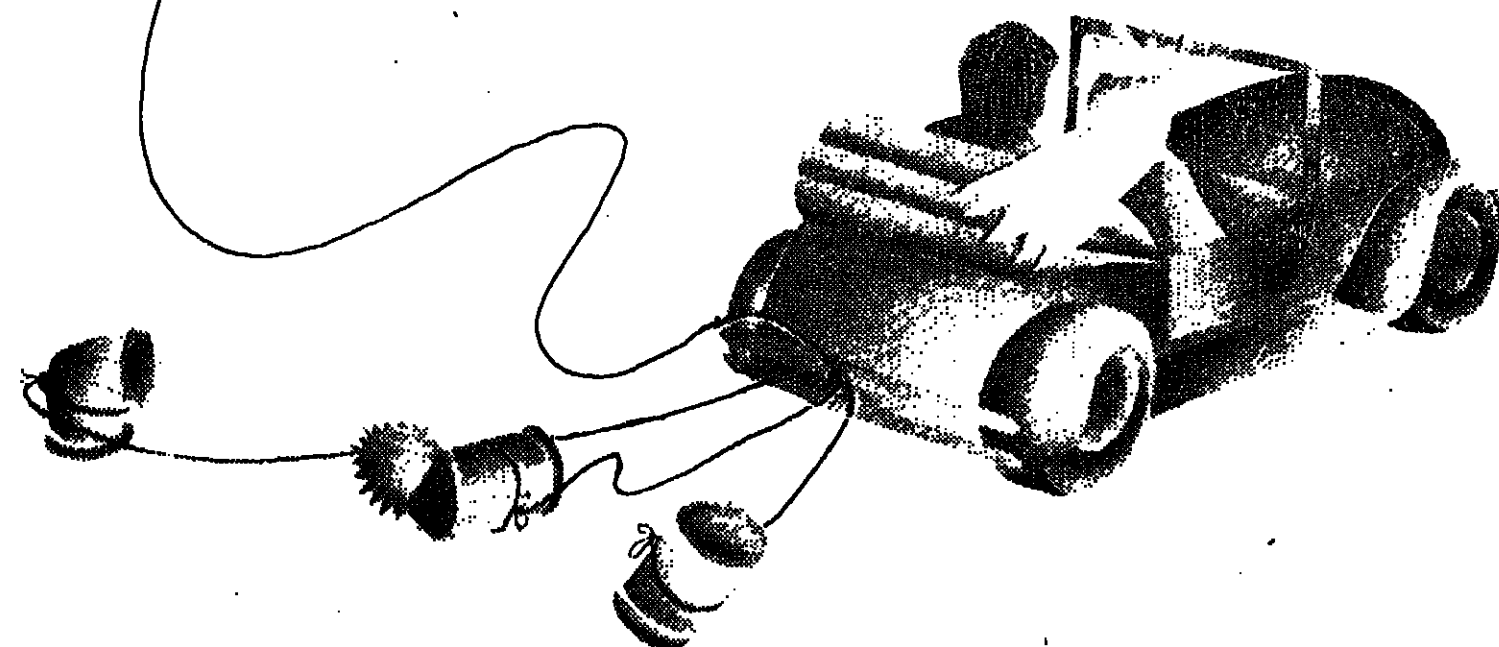
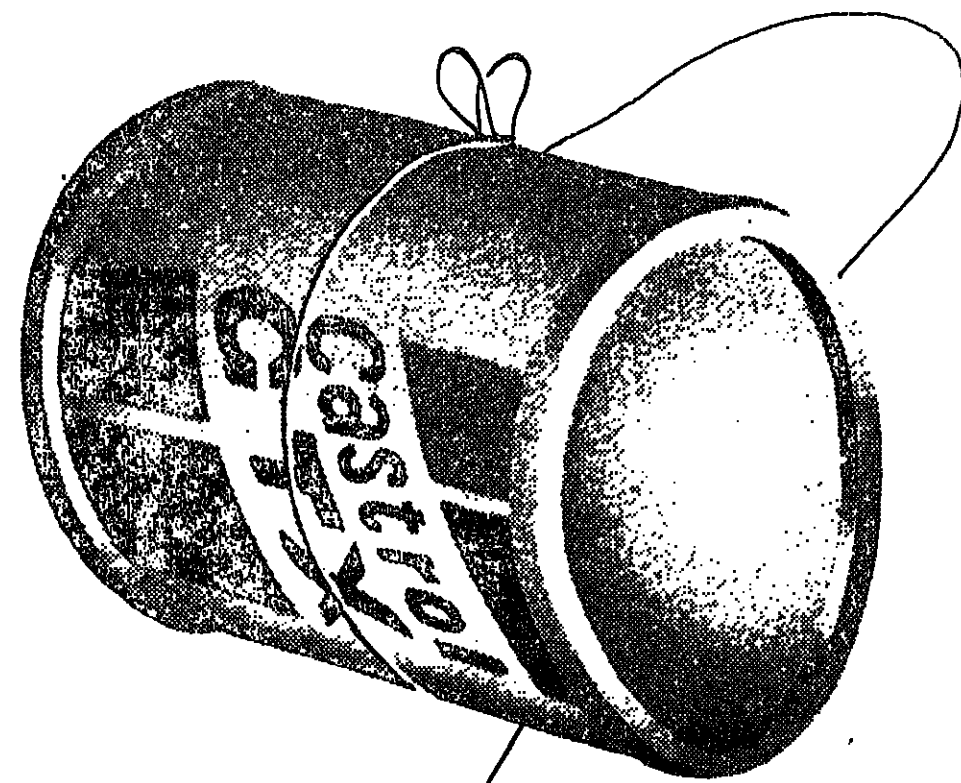
"I came here very idealistic about the kibbutz way of living, but after two years I decided to go and live in the city. I found myself disappointed by the failure of the kibbutz to live up to the socialist ideal, and about the lack of consideration between people."

FOR THE single immigrant, leaving the absorption centre can be traumatic. "I was desperate to get out of the absorption centre," said one American in Beersheva. "But once I had my own place, I felt disoriented and would walk around the city feeling lonely. The absorption centre was a very depressing place, but it was the only place in Israel where I had any friends."

To a surprising degree, Israeli-born singles feel much the same alienation from Israeli life as do single *olim*. "Let's face it, there is no real place for singles in Israel, and the whole society lets you know it," said a Haifa woman. "In this the government, with its tax concessions and special loans for couples, but nothing for singles, is very representative of the prejudices of the people. The last place one is accepted here as a single is in the Army. After that, we are made to feel unwanted in our own country."

RIVKA, the oldest of six children in a poor Iraqi family, grew up in

(Continued on page 11)



## Just Castroled

Castrol GTX multi-grade 20W-50 high performance motor oil for engine lubrication is available in Israel at all Paz and Oz stations.





(Continued from page 10)

Kiryat Shmona. Her parents held very traditional views on the role of women, and forbade her to go into the Army after she finished high school.

"Today, I am very sorry I didn't go into the Army. It would have got me out of Kiryat Shmona and given me a chance to be more independent," she says. As it happened, Rivka stayed in Kiryat Shmona for three years after school, agonizing over how and when to make the break. She got a job as a clerk, and continued living at home, helping to raise her younger sisters and brothers. Most of her single friends left town, and the rest married.

"Once a friend marries, she quickly ceases to be a friend," she says. "There is no place for a single girl in a couples-society."

Rivka had several boy friends but was "always unlucky in love." Her deepest relationship was with a kibbutz boy. "He treated me like a queen and wanted me to marry him and come live on the kibbutz. Our backgrounds and ideas were too different. I couldn't imagine spending my life living on a kibbutz, so we broke it off. Today, I wish I had married him, kibbutz and all."

"But most important, I found the kibbutz is basically for families, and that singles are subjected to a lot of pressure to settle down, find a mate and get married. I had several opportunities to get married, but I never believed in marriage for its own sake. I won't settle for second best."

After leaving the kibbutz, Sue decided to become a kindergarten teacher, and embarked on a training programme at Haifa University. She is now worried about finding a job when she completes her studies in September.

She points out that there are too many kindergarten teachers, and that being unemployed is much more difficult to deal with as a single. She is sustained, however, by her large group of friends.

"The great thing about my friends is that they are so open, unrigid, and free. The group is very mixed — singles and marrieds and people from many different backgrounds get together without any tension or rigidity."

Sue estimates that 75 per cent of her good friends are non-sabra (mainly Western olim from the U.S., Australia, and Europe), and that her sabra friends are unusual in their openness to new experience and ideas and in their refusal to fit into the young-Israeli-couple mould.

Although Sue feels an aversion to being "pressured into marriage," she does hope to get married eventually.

"He would have to be someone with similar ideas, someone I could be comfortable with. I really want to have children."

What if she doesn't find someone? "Well, I've thought about having a child anyway. I don't know if I would have the courage to do it, in this or any other society. I feel I could be comfortable in the situation, but the question is whether it is healthy for a child to be raised by just one parent."

YA'ACOV is a sabra who is disillusioned with Israeli life. His main obsession is leaving Israel, for either Europe or America. He sees marriage as something to be avoided, at least until after he leaves.

"The reason this society venerates marriage and large

families is that they make it harder for people to leave," he says. "Once you buy an apartment and get a mortgage, you are trapped. The Israeli is told that getting married and having children is part of his national obligation. The only obligation I feel is to my own life."

Ya'acov grew up in Tel Aviv, and studied engineering at the Technion until the Yom Kippur War shattered his equilibrium.

"After seeing all that killing, I felt I had to get out of Israel and really experience life," he says. He went to the U.S., where he completed his studies for an engineering degree. He found life in America exciting, and after his return to Israel he felt frustrated and unhappy.

"I love this country, and will probably return for the next war. I feel an obligation to my dead comrades. But I don't want to spend my youth here, confined by the narrow, marriage-oriented lifestyle."

During his early 20's Ya'acov was involved with the daughter of a prominent businessman. "I was really crazy about her and wanted to get married; but she had definite ideas about things. She talked constantly about making money, and wanted to attain the same snobbish living standards as her parents. Finally, I saw we had irreconcilable ideas about life. So I left."

Nowadays, Ya'acov admits he is looking for short-term companionship and not marriage. "I have seen many of my friends marry, and now they seem almost dead. They get involved with ovens, washing machines and babies and have very little to say to their single friends. So they find several other couples to sit around with on weekends, talking about the price of cars and apartments. It's very dull and depressing but it is the Israeli way, and that is why I'm leaving."

"I FEEL very old," says Bracha, who is 25. "I feel like I have lived through everything, and that nothing can surprise me."

Such feelings may seem slightly excessive for someone so young, but Bracha has had a turbulent life. She joined the Haifa Municipal Theatre when she was 17, and had "one beautiful season" in which she appeared in "nearly everything" and won wide critical acclaim.

At 18, she helped found the frontier settlement of El Al, on the Golan Heights. "We were incredibly idealistic in those days," she recalls. "The conditions were very tough, but we believed deeply in our country and in what we were doing. Relationships between the settlers were very close. Often our meetings resembled group therapy. I dreamed of building a theatre in the Golan."

El Al collapsed after intense conflicts between the settlers, the Moshav Association, and the government. Bracha was one of the last to leave, and the experience devastated her.

"We believed we were building something beautiful for the country, and we found that it didn't want us. We felt pure and free, and the establishment destroyed what we did, just as it destroys all creativity and spontaneity in Israeli life."

Bracha had another major shock when her fiancé was killed in the Yom Kippur War.

"I have put the pain behind me now — both of El Al and of his death," she says. "But it is much harder for me to get involved again, either in a close

relationship with a man or in a creative endeavour. I am so afraid of being hurt again."

She has made several trips to the U.S., and acted in New York, and there she feels totally liberated. "When I'm abroad, I can act, and I can write, and most important, I feel that I can breathe. I've been hungry in New York, and sometimes very lonely, but there I feel free of the terrible burden of Israel — which for me is a burden I can't live with and can't live without."

Bracha says that Israel is not a nation, but a large Jewish family, and the single person is outside the circle. She feels that most Israelis base their social lives on small circles of friends whom they have known since their kindergarten, high-school and



Army days, and who stay close after they marry.

She says the single person in the circle has the choice of playing "the good aunt to everyone's children," or of leaving the circle. If she later marries, she can join her husband's circle. If not, she remains single and lonely.

"The circles are closed to newcomers," she says, "because they are based on memories no outsider can share. This is one reason why it is so difficult to absorb new immigrants. The circles are the only place in which people will put aside the facade of the tough Israeli and allow themselves to be warm and gentle."

ONE RELATIVELY new immigrant who has not felt particularly affected by closed

groups in Israeli society is Sarah, an attractive divorcee in her mid-40's. Five years ago, she and her now 12-year-old son immigrated to Israel from the U.S.

"Much of the problem for a single woman like myself in Israel is the Oriental culture," she says. "I am always running into trouble because I forget the way things work here. If I invite a man up to my apartment for coffee, he assumes it is for sex. Of course, in the States, men have similar ideas, but they are a bit more subtle about it."

Her son is aware of her problem. "For my last birthday, he bought me a wedding ring to wear, so that all the men in the area would think I was married and not bother me. In fact, when strangers ask me if I am alone, I tell them I am married and my husband is working in the U.S. It makes life easier that way."

Another problem, she says, is that some unscrupulous people assume that a single woman knows little about money, and try to take advantage of her. Fortunately for her, Sarah (who works as an art teacher) has a good deal of business experience.

"One acquaintance told me he was a close friend and would do anything for me, and then tried to cheat me out of several thousand pounds. Many of these people assume that women will sign anything, and won't bother to read the fine print. I have learned that one can't afford to be too trusting."

SARAH HAS been divorced for 10 years, but is in no rush to remarry. "I would like to get married again of course, but I will never marry just to have a husband. I made that mistake once already."

"I am more fortunate than many single people in that I enjoy being alone," she adds. "In my leisure time I love to read, paint and think. And of course, I have my son, which is a great advantage. But in a thousand different ways, I am constantly made aware that it is not normal for a woman to be alone in Israel. One has to be tough to deal with this problem."

"Fortunately, I have friends of all kinds; simple working people, as well as the more cultured intellectual types. Nearly all of my friends are married, but they accept me anyway, perhaps because they respect the efforts I have made to succeed in this country."

"Many people have given me a lot of help; especially in the early days when I spoke no Hebrew, and had no work. I never found this kind of support in the U.S. — there people couldn't care less if you live or die, but think only of their own pleasure."

One manifestation of the singles' search for companionship in a couples-oriented society is the organized singles social group (*hug leyechedim*). Several such groups, which include divorced and widowed people, as well as those who never married, have sprung up in the nation's larger cities in the last few years.

In contrast to the "meat market" singles clubs in the U.S., those in Israel consist primarily of serious people interested in lectures and discussions. The main purpose of the group I visited in Haifa was to provide the single person with a circle of friends. Romance between group members, while perfectly acceptable, seemed of secondary importance.

"In Israel today, only religious people tend to have a healthy

social environment," says group leader Moshe Geltman. "Our group is trying to provide single people with a meaningful social life by combining weekly social get-togethers with frequent cultural and intellectual programmes. We have lectures by group members on their work, hobbies or travels, and we frequently bring in outside speakers to talk about political issues, science, Zionism and other topics."

Geltman says that there is a strong feeling of cooperation and mutual help in the group.

"If I need legal aid, I can turn to a close friend, a lawyer who is in our group. Another member, a skilled mechanic, did extensive work on my car free of charge. Those members with children help each other prepare birthdays and picnics. Many of us have found our closest friends here in the group."

Geltman adds that most group members are also looking for a mate, and many, especially those with children, want to remarry. But "hustling" is considered extremely bad form.

"The first time I came here, I wanted to get picked up," said one divorced woman. "I saw right away, however, that this was not what the group was about. I did eventually find a friend in the group, but we came together because of shared interests, and not because of any instant physical attraction."

Another woman said, "My lover happens to be a member of the group, but the group as a whole relates to each of us as individuals. If he is unable to come to a certain meeting, I can go without him; and if we were to break up, I would continue coming even if he were here."

Groups tend to have about 40 members (who range in age from mid-20's to late 40's, each of whom pays IL15 a month and agrees to the use of his or her apartment on a rotating basis. There is a membership committee which votes on prospective members.

"The main thing is for a person to be friendly and open," said one leader. "We rarely reject people, but we do seek to maintain a 'high level of society' and most members seem to be from middle-class or kibbutz backgrounds."

ONE YOUNG MAN said it "hurt" him to admit that he was 30 and single. "I was happy during my student days in Jerusalem," he said, "but since I came to Haifa to work I have lived alone, unable to find friends. Now with this group I am beginning to feel alive for the first time in years."

Said a young woman in her late 20's, "I became interested in this group because there are not enough clubs where a girl can go unescorted. Haifa is a workers' city. There is no framework for singles; no place to go."

Added Ze'ev Blaustein, another member of the group: "It is a great problem being single in a couples-society. Recently, I inadvertently caused a fight between a friend and his wife; he thought she was flirting with me. Here we have no such problems."

Said another man, "I am convinced the government should finance singles groups. I believe that these groups can help cut down on the substantial *gerudo* among young singles. Israeli society should accept the single status as something positive. So often, people here marry young, and divorce five years later. In a group like this, people can get together without feeling pressured to rush into marriage." □



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JAPAN,  
PHILIPPINES,  
HONG KONG,  
SINGAPORE,  
THAILAND,  
NEPAL,  
INDIA

Thursday, Morning Flight from Manila to Hong Kong.  
Friday, Four hour tour, visiting the Central District, Wan Chai, Victoria Peak, Tiger Balm Garden, Repulse Bay, Aberdeen and the Western District.

Saturday, Free for shopping and visits.

Sunday, Afternoon flight to Singapore.

Tuesday, Morning tour of Singapore.

Wednesday, Afternoon flight to Bangkok.

Thursday, Four hour morning tour, including the Marble Temple, Reclining Buddha and Chinatown.

Friday, Free for shopping and visits in town.

Saturday, Morning flight to Kohmandu. Afternoon tour of the city.

Sunday, Free in town.

Monday, Morning flight to Delhi. Afternoon visit to the city, including Qutab Minar, Humayun Tomb, Birla Temple.

Tuesday, Early morning departure by air-conditioned coach for Agra, via the Holy Mathura, and visiting the Taj Mahal. Visit to the Akbar Tomb. Travelling time about 3 1/2 hours. Tour of Agra and visit to Agra Fort.

Wednesday, Morning flight to Tiberias. Stopover of four hours and departure via El-Al for Tel Aviv.

Thursday, Completion of tour.



THE NEXT TIME you hear the word "donkey" used disparagingly, think of the Somali wild ass, whose predecessors roamed the Negev in biblical times.

Today it is one of the most valuable animals in the National Biblical Wildlife Reserve, 40 km. north of Eilat, which is scheduled to open to the public in September. One of the rarest equines extant, the "Somali" is rapidly becoming extinct in its last native habitat, the Danakil Desert of Ethiopia. It has an international market value of \$25,000 — roughly the price in Israel of a Chevrolet Nova.

Fortunately, the 12 burros have taken to their new Negev domicile, and in their four years of "absorption" have produced six offspring. Two were killed by wolves, providing an outrageously extravagant repeat even by present-day inflationary standards. Three others were sold to the East Berlin zoo.

Dutch zoologist Mike Van Grevenbroek, who has managed the reserve for more than seven years, believes that the Negev could well become the final retreat of the fast-disappearing Danakil donkey — and of a number of other species.

The reserve will be dedicated to the reintroduction, preservation and propagation of wild animals native to the region several thousand years ago. Those include another sub-species of donkey, the Asiatic onager, as well as gazelles, addax, ibex, ostriches and a number of carnivores such as the lynx, wolf, hyena, and fox. Mike also speaks of bringing back the Indian lion and cheetah, once part of the local fauna, but this may take some time.

Hai-Bar (wildlife), as the reserve is known in Hebrew, sprawls over 32,000 dunams of rich desert scrubland allocated to the reserve by the Israel Lands Authority; however, because of budgetary limitations, only 12,000 dunams have been fenced off so far.

The comparatively large tract is unsuitable for agriculture, but ideal for Hai-Bar's purposes. Most of the flatland is covered with vegetation that subsists on upper-level saline ground water — mainly acacias, low brush and creosote pasture. The acacia trees here are among the largest in the country.

URI TSOR, who dreamed up the project while a senior official of the Agriculture Ministry, says that only the lack of sufficient funds has delayed its long-anticipated opening to the public. Some \$2m. have been spent in the decade since work started on its development, but more has to be done before it is ready for visitors. Tsor estimates that the necessary roads, public conveniences, and reception and other rooms, in addition to the installation of electricity and telephones, will cost \$160,000. Not a huge sum, he concedes, "but an astronomical figure for us."

The reserve is a private concern, with no fixed source of income. The Government's allocation of land was its sole, if substantial, contribution. The Nature Reserves Authority, whose chairman, Gen. (Res.) Avraham Yoffe, was one of the first and most ardent devotees of the cause, cooperates in various ways short of financial aid. Hai-Bar's funds come from donations from institutions and individuals in Israel and abroad.

The income expected once Hai-Bar "goes public" makes the opening one of the project's highest priorities. Tsor is shy of naming specific dates, however.

Another source of income, which is expected to increase with time, is the sale of animals abroad. Van Grevenbroek, who also serves as the Hai-Bar midwife, says the reserve's 99 per cent survival rate for newborn is among the highest in the world. As an example, he points to the 60 "sabras" that doubled the reserve's ibex population, which is now back to 60 as a result of sales abroad and transfers to zoos in Israel. The herd of 14 addax are also mostly Israel-born.

Only the red-neck ostriches have failed to reproduce so far, though the first jumbo eggs are expected this year. The voracious birds were only 17 weeks old when captured in the Danakil Desert just over five years ago by a special hunting expedition organized for Hai-Bar. They are rarer than the blue-necked variety so extensively bred in Oudshoorn, South Africa, where they yield an annual income of \$8m. in exports of fashion and industrial feathers, meat, eggs, and skins which, with their deep quill marks, are one of the world's most exotic leathers.

Successful breeding at Hai-Bar could encourage commercial ostrich-farming in Israel, where an earlier attempt was abandoned some years ago. The red-neck male is not blessed with wing plumes as beautiful as those sported by the South African bird. But it is believed to be closer to the sub-species that pecked around the Negev in biblical times, and there is more to an ostrich than wing plumes.

VAN GREVENBROEK, a graduate of Holland's Wageningen University's faculty of animal farming and tropical agriculture, was looking for a semi-tropical climate where he could apply his newly-acquired profession when he decided on Israel in 1969, "after friends drove me crazy about the country's attractions." He soon found a job tending cattle at Kibbutz Nir Am, near the Gaza Strip.

Although not Jewish, he adjusted easily and enthusiastically to local life, but found the sphere of his activity too narrow. The young zoologist was considering an offer from Kenya when he ran into Gen. Yoffe, who suggested that the budding Hai-Bar reserve might offer him greater scope.

Mike and his wife, Agnes, liked what they saw at Hai-Bar and in Eilat, where they would have to live with their infant son. But he soon found that the broader scope offered by the reserve was more than he had bargained for.

Besides caring for the increasing animal population, he found that he had to supervise and sometimes join in all work on the reserve, where he has one non-professional assistant for the innumerable chores.

Looking after desert species is a time-consuming process because they are particularly unapproachable. Their native terrain affords little cover, and they are accustomed to travelling great distances in their day's quest for food and water. To some extent, the shyness and foraging habits were overcome by digging two water holes and by bringing fodder to specific localities despite the sufficiency, under normal circumstances, of natural vegetation.

Mike's biggest problem is presented by predators, mainly wolves, and their unending efforts to break through the chicken-wire fence. He is against exterminating the carnivores and they are themselves protected by law.



(Above) Addax antelope. (Below, left) Ibex. (Below, right) Grevenbroek holds a wild cat. (Micha Bar-Am)

## RETURN OF THE NATIVES

Wildlife that ran free in biblical times in the Negev is being brought back there, a 12,000 dunam tract that has been turned into the Hai-Bar nature reserve which will be opened to the public in September. The Post's GEORGE LEON learns of the problems that come with the more exotic creatures.



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## POST PULLOUT GUIDE

### The Poster

#### THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

##### Jerusalem

**THE EMIGRANTS** — A bitter searing story of three emigrants from a communist country, a peasant who left to make money and an intellectual who escaped to write a book on freedom but lost the urge. (Khan, opposite railway station, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

**PARADISE** — Joint Cameri and Khan production based on the book by William H. Inge which attempts to trace the roots of the Chinese revolution. Directed by Hanan Svir. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Monday at 10 p.m.)

**MARATHON** — A tour de force of a play by French playwright Claude Cornifort, about two men running a marathon race; under the brilliant direction of Belgian Jonathan Meser, with the Khan's cast of three actually running for about two hours. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Saturday at 8 p.m.)

##### Tel Aviv

**DEEP WATER** — New Habimah production by Hillel Mitterpunkt. Directed by Amri Nitzan. Attempts to enter the lives of a group of youth who are at once the products of their society and at variance with it. (Habimah's small hall, Saturday, Sunday and Monday)

**DO YOU KNOW THE MILKY WAY** — A feeble comedy play set in a mental asylum about a soldier seeking his lost identity after returning from war. (Habimah's small hall, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday)

**DON JUAN** — The Cameri's latest production written by Yacov Shabat. (Cameri, 10 Dikangoff, Saturday)

**THE EMIGRANTS** — (Bat Dor Theatre, 30 Ibn Gviri, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

**EQUUS** — Peter Shaffer's play about a boy who gazed out the eyes of five horses. The staging by British director Peter James falls to generate the passion without which the play has little meaning. Produced by the Cameri Theatre. (Nahmani, 17 Nahmani, Thursday)

**PARADISE** — (Tsavta, 30 Ibn Gviri, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

**THE HOUSE OF BERNARDA ALBA** — Boereheba Theatre's production of Lorca's stark drama about five noble virgins shut up in the home of their mother, in an impressive production by Yoram Palk. (Revivim, Sunday)

**LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE** — Habimah's production of Moliere's last play about a hypochondriac who fears death and doctors. (Habimah's Large Hall, Saturday, Sunday, Tuesday and Wednesday)

**MARATHON** — (Nahmani, 17 Nahmani, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

**OPEN THEATRE** — Performance by Israeli classical company. With Sandra Johnson. (Tsavta, 30 Ibn Gviri, today at 9)

**OVERWHELMED** — A cleverly constructed but essentially empty comedy, by Simon Gray, about a man who wants to spend the afternoon listening to music, but is beset by other people's problems. (Cameri, 10 Dikangoff, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

**THE REQUIEM** — Written by Joseph Mundy and presented by the Lish Theatre. (Tsavta, 30 Ibn Gviri, Monday at 9 p.m.)

**SATURDAY, SUNDAY, MONDAY** — New Habimah production of the comedy by Eduardo De Filippo. (Habimah's Large Hall, Tuesday)

**THE HOUSE OF BERNARDA ALBA** — (Kiryat Yam, Cultural Centre, Sunday)

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**THE TAMING OF THE SHREW** — The Cameri's production of Shakespeare's comedy about the man who treated a woman the way a trainer treats lions in the circus, and Milo's interpretation which attempts a lot and goes nowhere. (Cameri, 10 Dikangoff, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday)

##### Haifa

**ALL MY SONS** — Arthur Miller's play about WWII profiteers, produced by the Cameri Theatre. (Haifa Auditorium, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

**BORN YESTERDAY** — The Haifa Theatre's revival of the thirty-year-old Broadway comedy under Nola Chilton's direction shows how a show is still amusing, with a great deal of pace and a remarkable performance by Gita Munto as the dumb broad who sees the light. (Haifa Municipal Theatre, 50 Pevener, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

**DON JUAN** — (Haifa Municipal Theatre, 50 Pevener, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

**MOMENTS** — Haifa Theatre production of Nathan Alterman's musical play about Little Tel Aviv of the 30s. (Bat HaHayal, Monday at 8.30 p.m.; Haifa Municipal Theatre, 50 Pevener, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

**THE TAMING OF THE SHREW** — (Haifa Municipal Theatre, 50 Pevener, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

**WHO STOLE MY WIFE?** — Comedy based on story by Yehonatan Naftali. (Ors, Herzl St., tonight at 9)

##### Other Towns

**ALL MY SONS** — (Kiryat Bialik, Bayvon, Thursday)

**THE EMIGRANTS** — (Kiryat Yam, Cultural Centre, Sunday)

**THE HOUSE OF BERNARDA ALBA** — (Kiryat Yam, Cultural Centre, Sunday)

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**THE HOUSE OF BERNARDA ALBA** — (Kiryat Yam, Cultural Centre, Sunday)



Mike Burstyn (right) stars in the new Israeli musical comedy film, "Hereshela," on general release this week.

#### ENTERTAINMENT

##### Jerusalem

**EVENING OF JAZZ** — (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 84 Bessalel, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

**ISRAEL MY BELOVED COUNTRY** — With Ruhama Raz. (Tsavta, 30 King George, tonight at 8.30 p.m.)

**LA BOHEME** — Avi Tolodano sings songs of Charles Aznavour. (Belt, Ha'am, 11 Bessalel, Saturday at 8.15 p.m.)

**POP — HASIDIC** — Programme of Hasidic Rock music. (Tsavta, 30 King George, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

**RAVITIME AND BLUES** — With regular Tsavta singers and musicians. (Tsavta, 30 King George, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

**YOUR PEOPLE ARE MINE** — Pop musical. (Hilton Hotel, Saturday at 9 p.m. Ashdod, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

##### Tel Aviv

**ADAM AND HAVAI** — Musical comedy by Yonatan Gefen. (Ohe, Beit Arlosoroff, 6 Bellinson, Saturday and Monday at 9 p.m.)

**ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA** — Rudolf Barak conducting. Purell: Pavane and Chaconne; Shostakovich: Chamber Symphony Opus 110; Beethoven: Symphony No. 4. (Tel Aviv Museum, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday)

**ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA** — Subscription Concert No. 12. Zubin Mehta conducting. Henryk Siering, violin. Works by Mozart and Mahler. (Mann Auditorium, Series 1: Monday)

**MOZART MARATHON** — The Israel Philharmonic Orchestra presents symphony concerts, chamber music and vocal music with members of the IPO and guest artists. (Mann Auditorium, Thursday, 11 a.m. till midnight)

**ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA** — Details as for Tel Aviv. (Haifa Auditorium, Saturday)

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**ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA** — Details as for Tel Aviv. (Haifa Auditorium, Saturday)

**BECKY FREIBADE** — In a new show of Haifa, humorous musical sketches. "Smile My Beloved Country." (ZOA House, 1 Daniel Frisch, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

**CHOCOLATE, MENTHA, MASTIK** — Programme of folk hits and other songs. (Beit Hahayal, Haifa, Saturday at 7.30 and 9.30 p.m.; Ohe, Beit Arlosoroff, 6 Bellinson, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

**EVENING WITH ANIK LAVIE** — Songs and entertainment. (Beit Lashin, 34 Weizmann, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

**HAYA ALBERSTEIN** — Songs and entertainment. (Tsavta, 30 Ibn Gviri, tonight at 9)

**A MAN WITHIN HIMSELF** — Songs by the folk and rock composer/singer Shalom Hanoch and his group. (Tsavta, 30 Ibn Gviri, Saturday at 8 and 10.30 p.m.)

**MATTI CASPI** — Songs and guitar. (Tsavta, 30 Ibn Gviri, tonight at midnight)

**MY COUNTRY, I'VE RIDICULED YOU** — Musical comedy with Gad Yaghi, written by Dan Almagor. Dan Raviv, Yosef Silber, Dudu Topim and Yonatan Gefen. (Belt, Hahayal, Weizmann and Pinkus, Wednesday at 8.45 p.m.)

**LA BOHEME** — (Holon, Yad LeCholim, tonight at 9.30; Safed, Tel Aviv, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

**MY COUNTRY, I'VE RIDICULED YOU** — (Holon, Rina, tonight at 9 and 11; Kiryat Gat, Monday at 9 p.m.; Rishon LeZion, Tiferet, Tuesday at 8.15 p.m.)

**ISRAEL NATIONAL OPERA:** Kaimowitz, Die Bajadere — Cast: Susan Elcheberger, Esther Baumel, Read, Miriam Laron, Ben-Schachar. (Tel Aviv, Saturday)

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## WHAT'S ON

Notices are accepted for this column at the rate of IL16.20 per line including VAT; publication daily over a period of a month costs IL270.00 per line including VAT. Ads are accepted at offices of The Jerusalem Post and at all recognized advertising agencies.

### Jerusalem

**Plant a Tree in Israel with Your Own Hands:** free tours for planters to the Hills of Judea leave every Monday and Wednesday from Jerusalem and every Monday and Wednesday from Tel Aviv. For details and registration please call Visitors Department: Keren Kayemeth LeIsrael (Jewish National Fund); in Jerusalem, King George Ave., corner Rehov Keren Kayemeth, Tel. 02-36261. In Tel Aviv, 90 Rehov Hayarkon, opp. Dan Hotel, Tel. 02-234449.

### CONDUCTED TOURS

**Hadassah Tours**  
1. Medical Centre at 9.30 a.m., 11.00 a.m., 12.15 p.m. and 3.00 p.m. Last tour on Friday at 12.15 p.m. Kennedy Building. No charge. Buses 19 and 27.  
2. Mt. Scopus Hospital: Tours from 8.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. No charge. Buses 9 and 28. Tel. 218111.  
3. Morning half-day tour of all Hadassah projects. \$4 per person towards transportation. By reservation only: Tel. 418383.  
Hebrew University, tours in English at 9 and 11 a.m. from Administration Building, Givat Ram Campus, Mount Scopus tours 11.30 a.m. from the Martin Buber Building, Buses 9 and 28, School of Education bus stop. Further details: Tel. 36450.

**American Mizrahi Women, Guest Tours —** Jerusalem: Tel. 521038, 222414.  
**American Peylin.** Tours of youth projects and Peylin-founded educational institutions. Tel. 02-321433, 9 a.m.-2 p.m.  
**Emmanah World Religious Zionist Women's Organisation.** Tourist Centre, 25 Rehov Ben Maimon, Tel. 02-42468, 30220, 811585. Tourists and Visitors come and see the General Israel Orphan Home for Girls, Jerusalem, and its manifold activities and impressively modern building. Free guided tours weekdays between 10-4. Bus No. 6 Kiryat Moshe, Tel. 622391.

### MISCELLANEOUS

**Jerusalem Biblical Zoo.** Schneller Wood, Romema. Tel. 814822, 7.30 a.m. — 7 p.m. Jerusalem Hilton and Intercontinental. The only Jewellers in Israel with a worldwide guarantee. H. Stern Jewellers. Duty and tax free.

### Tel Aviv

**CONDUCTED TOURS**  
**American Mizrahi Women, Guest Tours —** Tel Aviv — Tel. 220157, 248100.  
**Emmanah — World Religious Zionist Women's Organisation.** "Kastel", 186 Rehov Ben Maimon, Tel. 440516, 78842. World Wide Tourist Office, 136 Rehov Hayarkon, Tel. 232890, 8 a.m.-2 p.m. Canadian Hadassah-Wise Office, 116 Rehov Hayarkon, Tel. 227060, 8 a.m.-2 p.m.

**Pioneer Women —** Na'amat. Free morning tours. Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday, by appointment. Call Tel. 261111, ext. 290, Tel Aviv.  
**Magen David Adom in Israel.** Headquarters — 60 Rehov Giklat Israel, Tel Aviv. Visitors — Please call 36222 between 8.00 a.m. and 2.00 p.m. to arrange visits to our Central Blood Bank in Jaffa and for information regarding other Magen David Adom installations.  
**Tel Aviv University.** escorted tours. For appointment, call Guest Section, 02-422741, 10-12 a.m.  
**ORT Israel.** For visits please contact: ORT Tel Aviv, Tel. 232331, 782291-2; ORT Jerusalem, Tel. 233978; ORT Netanya, Tel. 22022.  
**MISCELLANEOUS**  
**Tel Aviv Hilton.** The only Jewellers in Israel with a worldwide guarantee, H. Stern Jewellers. Duty and tax free.

**Dagon Collection.** Archaeological Museum of Grain Handling in Israel, at the Dagon Silo. Guided tour daily at 10.30 a.m. except Saturday. Tel. 04-64521.  
**Rehovot**  
**Wassmann Institute of Science —** Conducted tours, Sun. to Fri. at 10.30 a.m., starting from the lobby of the Stone Administration Building.

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under the patronage of Mr. Teddy Kollek, Mayor of Jerusalem  
The Jewish Quarter in Jerusalem  
Batei-Machase Square, The Old City  
Sunday, June 26 at 5 p.m.  
Hephzibah Menzlin — piano  
Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra — IRA  
Conductor: Mendel Rodan  
Programme:  
Ben-Chaim: "Fanfare to Israel"  
Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 3  
Dvorak: "New World" Symphony (No. 9)  
Tickets at the Jerusalem Theatre Box Office (Tel. 02-87187) and  
at Cahana Ticket Agency. On the day of the concert at 4  
p.m. at the desk in front of Beit-Hassofer, The Jewish Quarter.  
Parking — near Zion Gate. Public transportation — Bus No. 1.  
The concert is presented in association with the Jerusalem  
Theatre, the Jerusalem Foundation and the Israel Broadcasting  
Authority.

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## Many splendoured Meze

**RAMALLAH**, before the Six Day War, was a summer oasis to which the wealthy from all over the Arab world came to escape the heat. Small hotels and lush garden restaurants abound there.

Many of the latter are overgrown and in disrepair, but a few have retained their former chic. These go by a rigid weekend schedule as a boisterous Israeli crowd on Saturday is followed by Arab-American families out for Sunday dinner.

The garden restaurants are perhaps at their best during the week, when they are primarily occupied by local businessmen while away the long noon break with food, whisky and narghiles. It was on such a placid afternoon that we visited Na'oum, just off the main square.

The weather was broiling in Jerusalem, but in Ramallah a cool breeze was blowing, rustling the trees in the garden. The waiter brought the menu, in Arabic and English, tempting us with such

### BILL OF FARE

dishes as grilled meat and stuffed pigeon.

**WE DECIDED** to try the meze, a selection of little snacks and salads which, throughout the Middle East, are eaten in a leisurely fashion accompanied by drinks. After *pitta* and imported beer had been placed before us, a boy appeared with an overloaded tray, and arranged 35 dishes on our table.

It was difficult to know where to begin. Should we try the more familiar dishes such as hummus, eggplant salad and olives, or such new treats as slices of cold shank of lamb, which had been boned and stuffed with a mixture of herbs?

We entered the fray gingerly, eating a few cold beans, trying a little hot fowl, sharp with lemon juice, in a *pitta*. As we tried more and more dishes, however, we

became grateful for the more mundane offerings: a cucumber, carrot sticks, green pepper.

Among the more interesting items were bits of grilled liver, served on a lettuce leaf with accompanying slices of lemon. Also deserving special note was the very tasty *labouli*, a salad whose principal ingredients are burghul and mint.

Some items we didn't even taste. We were too full to try the apple by the time we thought of it, and a triangle of processed cheese seemed beneath our interest. On the other hand, the *tabune*, a paste somewhere between white cheese and yoghurt, was excellent.

**WE FINISHED** our repast with excellent Turkish coffee, but we were saddened to see that even in Ramallah we had to ask for a glass of cold water to clear the palate. The bill for two (not including service, the waiter hastened to add) came to IL85. □  
H.L.S.

## ART GUIDE

Notices are accepted for this column at the rate of IL16.20 per line including VAT; publication every Friday over a period of a month costs IL148.00 per line including VAT. Ads are accepted at offices of The Jerusalem Post and at all recognized advertising agencies.

### Jerusalem

**MUSEUMS**  
**Israel Museum:** Exhibitions: Leisure in America (closed Sat.); Ancient Art (The Robert Schimmel Collection); Old Master Drawings from the collection of the Duke of Devonshire; Jacques Carleman, "Objects Intervenables"; Children of the World Paint Jerusalem (closed Sat. p.m. & Tue. eve); Liliane Klapach, Paintings: Homage to Calder; Documentation of the Jerusalem Stable; Greek Vases from the Jan Michel Collection; Chaya Spatnik, Stories and Pictures; Our Pupils at work; Mesopotamian Culture (Educational Exhibition).  
Visiting hours: Israel Museum: Sun. Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Tue. 4-10 p.m.; Fri. 10 a.m.-2 p.m.; Sat. 10 a.m.-10.30 p.m.; Sat. 10 a.m.-10 p.m. (from 2-10 p.m., only Shrine of the Book, Billy Rose Art Garden, Norbert Schimmel Collection, Old Master Drawings, Jacques Carleman; Shrine of the Book, Billy Rose Art Garden: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Tue. 4-10 p.m.; Fri. 10 a.m.-2 p.m.; Sat. 10 a.m.-10 p.m.; Rockefeller Museum: Sun., Mon., Tue., Wed., Thurs. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Fri. Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m.

**GALLERIES**  
Gallerie Vislon Nouvelle, Y. and S. Hamache, Khayot Hayarok, original prints by contemporary European artists. Tel. 02-51864, 26851.

### Tel Aviv

**MUSEUMS**  
**Tel Aviv Museum, 27 Sderot Shaul Hamelch:** Drawing Now; Anthony Caro — Table Sculpture 1968-77; Aviva Uri, Drawings; Helena Rubinstein Pavilion; Joseph Koudelka, "Gypsies"; Photographs; Dan Reisinger, Design 1967-76. Visiting hours: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. (Library 10 a.m.-4 p.m.); Tue., 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-10 p.m. (Library 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-7 p.m.); Friday, 10 a.m.-2 p.m. (Library 10 a.m.-1 p.m.), Sat. 7-11 p.m.  
**Ma'arot Museum Tel Aviv**  
1) Museum Centre, Ramat Aviv; Glass Museum; Kadman Numismatic Museum; Ceramic Museum (Exhibition of Sculptures, Art Yooli 1977); Museum of Science and Technology; Museum of Ethnography and Folklore; Alphonse Museum; Lasky Planetarium; Nechushtan Pavilion — Ruins Excavations; Tel Qasile Excavations.  
2) Museum of Antiquities of Tel Aviv-Yafo, 10 Rehov Mifrat Shlomo.  
3) Museum of the History of Tel Aviv-Yafo, 67 Rehov Bialik.  
All Museums open Sun-Thurs., 9 a.m.-4 p.m., Fri. 9 a.m.-1 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m. On Sat. admission free. Planetarium closed.

**GALLERIES**  
Geddy's Antiques Gallery Ltd., 173 Rehov Hayarkon, Tel. 24980, Faberge objects, Russian enamel, jewelry, rare watches, clocks, gold boxes, necklaces, etc.

### Haifa

Exhibit by Susan Harris, ink drawings & Portraits. Beit Abba Khoushy, 71 A. H. Silver, Haifa. Daily 5-6 p.m. Saturdays 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 5-6 p.m. Until June 25.  
**Nahman's Art Gallery —** 90 Hanassi Ave. Exhibition of paintings by IRINA CASLER. Opening June 18, 10.30 a.m.-12.30 p.m., 6-7 p.m. daily.

### Netanya

**Shehar Gallery:** New exhibit of originals by: Ron Goldberg, Edwin Solomon, Ben Rav, Phadase Mikva, Anatole Kaplan, Lucien Verdi, Dafna Arod, Avi Fine, Abraham Goldberg. Permanent exhibit of signed and numbered serigraphs. Haifa — Netanya Road, 8 km. north of Netanya. Opened daily from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m.

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### Bertha Urdang Gallery

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**ESTHER SCHOR**  
Opening: Thursday, June 30  
8.00 — 9.00 p.m.

## Israel Theatres

**The Cameri Theatre**  
TAMING OF THE SHREW  
Tomorrow, June 29, Haifa  
June 29, Haifa Auditorium  
**ALL MY SONS**  
June 29, 30, Nahariya, Tel Aviv  
**EVUS**  
June 29, 30, Nahariya, Tel Aviv  
**PANSHIN**  
June 29, 30, Nahariya, Tel Aviv  
**MOMENTS**, June 29, 11.00 a.m.

**Habima**  
LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE  
First performances  
Tomorrow, June 29, Sun., June 30  
**DEEP WATER**  
Tomorrow, June 29, Sun., June 30  
**KNIGHTS OF SORROW**  
Habimafest, tomorrow, June 29  
**DO YOU KNOW THE MILKY WAY**  
Tue., June 28, Wed., June 29

**Beer-Sheva Municipal Theatre**  
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Last performances of the season.  
Tomorrow, June 29, Beer-Sheva  
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Tue., June 28, Beer-Sheva  
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Sun., June 26, Revivim  
**TWELFTH NIGHT**  
Sun., June 26, Baram

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24.6, 2.00 the damned — lucino visconti  
25.6, 7.50 a streetcar named desire — ell kazan  
9.30 l'annua domiers & mariebad — alain resnais  
26.6, 7.00 richard III — laurence olivier  
9.30 the private life of shereck holmes — billy wilder  
27.6, 7.00 becket — peter gienville  
9.30 dr. strangelove — stanley kubrick  
28.6, 4.30 david copperfield — children's film  
7.00 mourir a madrid — f. rossi  
9.50 sleuth — joseph mankiewicz  
Screenings: M. Shaver Auditorium, Beit Agon, 37 Rehov Hildel

**BAR-ILAN UNIVERSITY**  
Graduate Studies Registration  
Bar-Ilan University  
announces that a few places are still available for persons  
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Candidates should have a B.A./B.Sc. with an average level of  
achievement of 80%. However, the Committee for Graduate  
Studies will consider applications where the average marks are  
not below 75%.  
For further details of registration as well as details of study  
requirements please contact the Committee for Graduate Studies,  
Bar-Ilan University, Ramat Gan.  
Successful candidates may fulfil part of the requirements in  
Hebrew studies and foreign languages in a summer course in 1977.

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T.A. 31.6 THE MERRY WIDOW  
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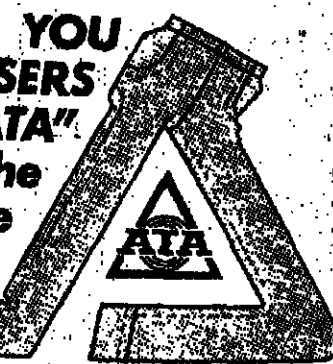
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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, JUNE 4, 1971



(Below, left) A male Nubian ibex surveying the scene from his rocky perch. (Below, right) A pensive ostrich. (Micha Bar-Am)



There is, in fact, sufficient prey in the desert -- mice, wild hares, reptiles and wild fowl -- to sate the hunger of the larger animals on both sides of the Hal-Bar fence. But the wolves, hyenas, lynx, and foxes prefer to make an extra effort and feast on the larger, protected species.

SO MIKE has also become a trapper. His catch so far includes about 10 wolves and a fine specimen of the much-rarer striped hyena. Most of the wolves were sent off to the Tel Aviv Zoo, but three of them, and the hyena, are being kept in reinforced, separate enclosures. They are the forerunners of a large carnivore corral that will be set up after adequate arrangements have been made to isolate them from the herbivorous species.

Meanwhile, pregnant females are given extra protection in a special fenced-off plot within the reserve, where they stay until their offspring are at least three months old. Generally, they face no danger from their own kind, except for the onagers. Ferocious fights sometimes occur prior to mating between the males and females of this breed of wild ass, and the males are also known to kill the newborn.

Fights also occur during the rutting season between males of other species, but one of the contestants always acknowledges defeat in time to avoid fatalities.

Mike's dawn-to-dusk shift provides little time for relaxation. The reserve's tight budget and remoteness require a number of "local" arrangements if the animals are to get what they need. Each morning, after a cursory inspection of the reserve, he embarks on a visit to three kibbutzim in the area in order to collect fowl and vegetables for his wards.

At Ketura and Grofit, the kibbutzniks give Mike poultry that died overnight as a result of fights, suffocation or any cause other than disease. At Yotvata, he loads his truck with crates of vegetables, unmarketable because they are battered or too ripe to withstand the journey to the towns. Tomatoes are particularly relished by ostrich and onager.

In return for this generosity, Mike is always available for advice to the kibbutzniks -- and to Beduin shepherds. In the process, they often tip the zoologist off about any predators in the area.

Then there are other cases of mutual aid, such as with the people who have begun to grow champignons in the now-abandoned copper mines at Timna. These delectable mushrooms grow in darkness, in unadulterated manure -- of which there is no shortage at Hal-Bar. The trucks that come to collect this commodity bring large rocks, which are plentiful at the mines, for the reserve's herd of ibex.

ONCE OPENED, the reserve will not only provide an important attraction for visitors to Eilat, where one still hears the complaint that vacationers have little to do, but may develop into a major cultural, educational and scientific project as a breeding research centre. It will provide a vivid illustration of life in the desert region in biblical times.

Mike thinks it would be highly beneficial for children to observe animals such as wolves and hyenas in their natural habitat, and to learn that these much-abused species have a definite place in Nature's scheme of things. □

مكذبا من الأصل



# THE RARE ONES

Books will never disappear from human society, but they certainly do not carry the weight they did a few generations ago. The electronic media seem to be outshining the printed word. Nevertheless, there is a growing demand for antiquarian publications, as a hedge against inflation. Post reporter AARON SITTNER takes a look at this branch of the book trade.

WHEN BOOK SALES began to ebb about 20 years ago, sociologists were divided on the causes.

Some blamed television. The Big Bad Blue Tube was hornning in on every facet of life — from bar-room talk at the pub, to the orderly chit-chat of friends at home. And reading was no exception — it, too, had to surrender its place in the sun to TV.

Other sociologists disagreed. They blamed the phenomenon on economic factors. The struggle to earn a living in an industrialized society had become too difficult. As a result, fewer and fewer people were left with enough time or mental stamina to sit down and relax with a book.

But there was one branch of bookselling that did not suffer a slump. In fact, business has been booming in this sector, and, if inflation keeps spiralling, it will probably continue to boom. I am referring to the enchanting realm of the antiquarian book.

How old does a volume have to be before it is considered antiquarian? I put that question to Lady Edith Finer, owner of The Fregal Bookshop Ltd., of London, one of nine antiquarian booksellers exhibiting at the recent Eighth Jerusalem International Book Fair. It was the first time since the Jerusalem fairs were inaugurated in 1963 that antiquarian books had a stand of their own.

"The term 'antiquarian' fools many people," Lady Finer said. "In book trade language, 'antiquarian' means rare — in fact, some books published in 1980 are already rare and fetch as much as a fine 18th or 19th century volume. An example is a fine French art book published in 1853, with lithographs. Of course, there is a chance that the whole book may some day be reprinted by photo-offset. But, on the other hand, it may not. So, as long as it is not mass duplicated — and there is a demand for it — it is rare, and available only at antiquarian book shops."

WHILE buying books for everyday use is a scholarly exercise, building a collection of rare books is a hobby. But, unlike stamp collecting or unearthing old glass vases, book collecting is a hobby practised mainly by people who also sustain a craving for things scholarly. That's why the Antiquarian Booksellers' Association sets up its stands at book fairs.

"Book collecting is gaining fast as a hobby," Lady Finer said. "Antiquarian books are a hedge against the devaluation of money. Some, like the already-rare 1960 French art book, are like diamonds. But the really old books are an even firmer hedge against inflation."

"You can liken owning them to a sound investment in real estate. There is a fixed quantity of land in the world, and there is a fixed number of these books in existence — sometimes only four or five copies. These books can never



Werner Braun

be duplicated; a facsimile edition is, after all, only a facsimile and not even a reprint. So, you don't have to be an economist to understand that if a person has some venture capital available, perhaps the best investment is in old books."

Setting a selling price for a fine old collector's item is not easy — just as in the case of land. "It's not a simple matter of cost accounting, like establishing a price for a bottle of aspirin or a jar of instant coffee," says Lady Finer. "By using such trade reference books as *Book Auction Records*, we get only a rough idea, based on the price paid for the same book at recent auction sales. However, an antiquarian book's price is governed in large part by the physical condition of the pages and binding. And the auction records cannot give a thorough description of the books that traded hands. There is a very great difference in value between a copy in superlative condition and one in poor or average condition."

THE STOCKS brought to the Jerusalem fair by the British antiquarian dealers represented, of course, only a fraction of their current wares. Fregal, for in-

stance, showed 44 items, among which was a 1686 edition of Johann Buxtorf's *A Short Introduction to the Hebrew Tongue* (\$75). Crulshank's *Life in London*, published in 1831 with 38 hand-coloured plates (\$400), and *Views in Palestine*, published in 1804 with plates, by Sir R. Ansell and Louis Mayer (\$1,500).

The genres of the antiquarian trade are London and New York. In Britain alone there are about 400 "authorized" dealers — members of the exclusive ABA.

A REPUTABLE dealer will want to know about the previous owner of a book on its shelves. "Thefts of priceless books from public and private libraries have reached awful proportions," according to Lady Finer. Since old books cannot be forged, like paintings, the underworld operators just steal copies and peddle them.

So most antiquarian booksellers build up their stocks from auctions — in Britain it means regular attendance at Sotheby's, Christie's and Phillips, and also wherever private book collections are put on the block.

But antiquarian booksellers must also keep up with the news.

value. But by 1910 some of these original editions could be bought for less than the cost of a microfilm copy.

This over-valuation of books is probably due to the gradual development of institutionalized book collecting — a phenomenon similar to the entry of the mutual (provident) funds and pension funds into the stock market; the traditional laws of supply and demand were jolted as huge quantities of a commodity were suddenly scooped up by an economic giant, without regard to price.

In the case of books, the institutional buyers are the libraries, mainly the university libraries. Ironically, the great libraries evolved from private collections, such as that of Sir Thomas Bodley, which became Oxford's great Bodleian Library. Charles V's books grew into the Bibliotheque Nationale. The oldest university in the United States is named after John Harvard, who also had a great collection.

THERE ARE quite a few approaches to book collecting. Some people search out the works of a particular author. Others concentrate on books published in a certain city, or by a special publisher. Some collectors zero-in on books by year of publication. Perhaps the most common approach is by subject.

Take, for example, the Reed Library of the Foot and Ankle, an out-of-print bookseller in Des Moines, Iowa. This firm will buy (for its customers) anything — books, journals, leaflets, prints — on gout, chirodopia, podicure, orthopaedics ("If a portion is on the foot and ankle" and shoes and footwear of all nations).

In Hinsdale, Illinois, the Trotting Book Shop will gladly pay for anything about horses. Advertising in the *Bookman's Weekly*, a trade publication serving the U.S. antiquarian book trade, Trotting also asks for certain specific titles, such as *The Art of Shoeing Horses*, or *Treatise on Diseases Incident to the Horse or Stable Conversation*.

Such dealers will pay hefty prices for the books they want, despite the fact that most of the original print order may have been sold as a discount overprint edition because there was no demand for it.

When published, these books were important for their contents. Now they are regarded as artifacts. If a copy of one of these books happens to bear the signature of the author, its value multiplies automatically.

And if, by spring 1979, you have amassed a collection of sorts, chances are you will find Lady Finer and her co-exhibitors interested.

She told *The Post*: "It was the first time we of the Antiquarian Booksellers' Association attended a Jerusalem book fair. We were very impressed and we will probably be back again for the next one." □

In the early 19th century, certain specimens of 18th century printing reached the apex of their

## A PRIDE OF PUNS



The late William Archibald Spooner

### WITH PREJUDICE Alex Berlyne

decipherable, however, they are often very witty. Sir Christopher Soames recently made a speech on the future of European unity after winning the Robert Schuman prize; the *Guardian's* headline was "Soames foresight." An industrial dispute at a brasserie factory practically asked for "Bitter cup for the boss." Allegations of a homosexual vice ring involving troopers of the Household Brigade were ready made for "Charges against cavalry."

Even the picture captions get into the act. One, showing a three-hundredweight porcelain elephant being manhandled on to a truck, was titled "Tusk Force." Sometimes the paper loses all sense of proportion and shame, not necessarily in that order. When Britain was trying to mediate in Geneva on the future of Rhodesia, *The Guardian* devoted a five-column lead to the story: "Ivor Richard waits for the ayes of the whites."

Even the paper's correspondence columns are badly

infected. Some months ago, all the readers seemed to be preoccupied with jokes about Boots, the chain store which used to be a chemist's and now sells everything under the sun.

A Mr. A.J. Stokes wrote to say that in Banbury High Street there are a pair of Boots. "Some feat," he chortled.

This prompted another reader to write about the manager of his branch keeping a cat on the premises. "Puss in Boots?" he enquired.

A Chingford man was enraged by all this nonsense: "Sir, — Your correspondents are clearly hand in glove with Boots. Why not put a sock in it?" he suggested.

After several more rounds had been fired, a Mr. P.H. Beard wrote to tell of a person who'd inquired at his local chemist's shop for glass urine bottles, and was told "Try Boots." The customer said that he had done so, but they tended to leak at the laces.

SOMETHING AKIN to punning can be caused by a form of cerebral dysfunction whose most famous sufferer was William Archibald Spooner, the distinguished head of a great Oxford college in the early years of the century.

Spoonerisms, as his eccentric pronouncements came to be called, are an accidental transposition of the initial sounds or other parts of two or more words.

When I was a schoolboy, I inadvertently pronounced one the thought of which makes me cringe to this day. Sent by my mother to buy a loaf at the corner grocer's, I was hemmed in at the counter by a bevy of amply-endowed housewives and, when it was my turn to order, I piped up, "a breast bed, please."

From Sir William Hayter's new biography of Spooner, it would appear that most of the famous Spoonerisms are apocryphal. Sir William doubts that he ever rebuked a delinquent undergraduate in these well-known terms: "You have tasted a whole worm. You have hissed my mystery lectures. You were fighting a liar in the quadrangle. You will leave by the town drain."

Nor is it likely that Dr. Spooner said of a cat falling from a window that "it popped on its little drawers." Even the famous

quotation from a sermon is probably apocryphal: "Which of us has not felt in his heart a half-warmed fish?"

However, his mental confusion made this tiny, albino don transpose whole words and ideas, with the most extraordinary results, as when he said, "In a dark, glassily," or announced a hymn as "Kinquering Kongs."

In one of his long sermons, he kept referring to Aristotle in rather surprising contexts. When he'd finished, there was a brief pause and then Dr. Spooner said, "In the sermon I have just preached, whenever I said Aristotle, I meant St. Paul."

Some time ago, the *New Statesman* ran a letter which out-bid all this nonsense: "Sir, — Your correspondents are clearly hand in glove with Boots. Why not put a sock in it?" he suggested.

After several more rounds had been fired, a Mr. P.H. Beard wrote to tell of a person who'd inquired at his local chemist's shop for glass urine bottles, and was told "Try Boots." The customer said that he had done so, but they tended to leak at the laces.

Spooner's confusion was more complex, however. There is a well-authenticated story of him walking with a friend and raising his hat to a lady in widow's weeds. When they had passed her he remarked, "Poor soul, very sad; her late husband, you know, a very and death — eaten by mislustraries — poor soul!"

On another occasion he met a young archaeologist in the Front Quadrangle and said to him, "Do come to dinner tonight, to meet our new fellow, Casson." "But Warden," the man replied, "I am Casson." "Never mind," Spooner replied, "come all the same."

Eleanor Jourdain was witness to an acted Spoonerism. At a dinner party she saw him upset a salt-cellar and then reach for a decanter of claret. He poured drops of wine on the salt till he had produced the little purple mound which would have resulted if he had spilled claret and then put salt on the stain to absorb it.

Sir William, however, thinks it unlikely that the great metaphysician actually asked a returning warrior, "Was it you or your brother who was killed in the War?"

Spooner died in 1930 (he had entered Oxford as a student in 1862) but his memory is evergreen. As long as there is a politician, foreign or domestic, putting both feet in his mouth, William Archibald will be a candidate for immortality. □

### "BAZAQUE LE QUELIMMES TOP AD. VAFELIM..."

Do you deny you wrote this list?

— No.

— But you still deny it's part of a code for communicating with enemy agents?

— Silly boy, of course not. It means I'm just a poor little housewife who has to write my shopping list in the alphabet of my native land. (Eventually, it comes out in quite scintillating spoken Hebrew.) And my sisters, I might add, are legion.

So who's this Bazaque le Quelimmes? Sounds like a French troubadour, some Crusader knight who came from Provence to Acre and built a ruined castle in Galilee and pined with courtly love for Niare la Toilette.

— Admit I wrote that very fancily. Usually it would be plain simple Bazaq le Kelim. Clear as a bell, cleaner for utensils. But I was idly trying, you see, to do it as

a housewife from France would. Somebody both sexy and a whiz at cooking. Really, you should find somebody from France because...

— It's you that's being questioned just now. Now, Top Ad., I make out as potatoes. But what about Vafelim? Looks like vaseline printed in old German script.

— Why, that's waffles, as any cosmopolitan housewife knows. She also knows they have nothing to do with waffles and should be wafers. Or vaferim. This must be an age-old mixup, like Red and Reed Sea.

— Like Kvaker? And Kotedge? — Right you are. Yes, Kvaker is by now part of our cultural heritage. Kiddies here expect to see a duck on the package and not a funny pilgrim. Then Koteg, that

### Helga Dudman

goes without saying. Though you should know that in this sisterhood of ours, the way you spell it depends on whether you came from Russia or Rumania or Germany. Or even America. It could come out Quotel or Kottedz, it's a matter of the woman's formative years.

LIKE JEREK or Yereq. Or Zelzim or Sayeteem. And here I should point out that where "s" appears in the European Cultural Background situation, it's "z" all the way for Americans. When peach.

And choux huit, or eight cnbages; but really boans.

Then you might run up against Mellaffaffonywm, which is

## Multinational listings

positively Welsh and often appears just as Melaph. And there's Baytsim and Belzim, and if you'd just go and find yourself a woman from France you might be lucky enough to get Bete Cygme, which has fascinatingly vague radiations of a beastly swan...

— Hmm. You really recommend the French way?

— What a question! Why, you'd get delicious aromatic choume. And ma pite, which sounds like My little one, garbled fast and seductively, but is only a napkin

And Afar sec, which is far out multinationality — a distant insatiant in almost English. Dry ashes in French-Hebrew. But is really a

And choux huit, or eight cnbages; but really boans.

charismatic character, part Pele to Moko and part Irma la Douce. But actually red pepper.

And gaffe roux rime, a rhymed blunder served in a reddish brown sauce: i.e., matches.

And pays trop s'il ya, meaning If there's too much of a country, it's that green-line herbage half as old as time. Poetic, what?

— But is it cache-chère?

— Hidden, dear. And now, my favourite. Toute ça de, toute ça reste la même chose. An old proverb meaning, The more the strawberries, the more it's the same old jam.

— Tell me, wouldn't it have been more restful to the inner landscape to write these things down in Hebrew?

— Possibly. But then one would lose the trick of brushing up on one's Chaucerian English, as in Degeneration of djnns chautes kvynnes...

— Squeezed it in, narrowly. — Because two vave don't make a it wide. □



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MANY JEWS, and non-Jews too, have seen signs of the Messianic redemption process at work in many of the events of the last few generations involving the Jewish people, especially in our land. These are some of the positive signs: the large-scale return of Jews to their homeland a century ago and the process of reconstruction they initiated; the restoration of Jewish sovereignty in the Land in 1948; the mass ingathering of the Exiles that is still in progress; and the return of Judea and Samaria to Jewish control in 1967.

At the same time, it has been customary for many people to regard those Jews who have the above "Messianic view" of events as bearers of the seeds of a pseudo-Messianic disaster. These people — and they include some Orthodox Jews — base their fears on various aspects of their self-definition as universalistic rationalists, pragmatists, social democrats, sane Zionists and the like, as opposed to the religious-chauvinistic romanticists, mystics and totalitarianists of the other camp.

Let us see how this rationalism, democracy, etc. operates for some of them.

The results of our May 17 elections — the ninth in the only country in the "Arab world" and one of only 26 in the entire world to hold free, secret, democratic elections — have sent these people into an apocalyptic frenzy. We have heard some of them, past or present social-democratic leaders (e.g. Yitzhak Ben-Aharon and Shulamit Aloni), clearly imply that it would be better not to have democracy than to have one that produces such election results.

We heard another one, a kibbutznik intellectual (Amos Oz), call on his fellow sane Zionists to ready themselves to take up arms against the nefarious designs of the new regime.

Another one, a social and cultural pundit (Yoram Bronowsky, *Haaretz*, June 14), quotes a poem by Rahel to imply that the new regime's "message of redemption" is a message brought by lepers.

Another one, Professor Boaz Mo'ay, a Citizens Rights Movement member of the last Knesset who didn't make it on May 17, raises a spectre of the new regime curtailing all kinds of civil rights. Addressing the founding rally of the newly formed "Peace Bloc" at Tel Aviv University on June 9, Prof. Mo'ay said that "if" that happens — mark that "if" — then "what will be needed is not a 'Peace Bloc'... but a bloc for war, for a public struggle and a civil revolt, to defend fundamental democratic rights."

ELSEWHERE on the Israel Peace Front, a post-election discussion took place at Elin Shemer, the Hashomer Hatzair kibbutz where the post-Six Day War public introspections began what led to the moral exhibitionism-voyeurism displayed in *Siah Lohamin* (in its English edition, *The Seventh Day*) and *Siah Ein Shemer*. These conversations were so directed and edited as to cause the world to gasp with admiration at how Israeli soldiers hate war and feel guilty about having won the Six Day War. The world quickly overcame its admiration, but many of the participants continued to admire themselves.

Now, a decade later, some of them participated in that post-election introspection, published in the June 3 *Hotam* (Friday) magazine supplement of the Mapam-Hashomer Hatzair daily.



## Messianic rumblings

### A VIEW FROM NOB Moshe Kohn

Al Hakhshmar).

One of the leading participants in all three introspections was Avishai Grossman, today 40 and secretary of Elin Shemer. This time Grossman takes his lead from Amos Oz, who had written in *Davar* (May 22) that "if, indeed, the Likud-NRP government encourages the growth of the Gush Emunim movement in paramilitary form... falanges with weapons arsenals... If IZK and LHY sprout up again — then the Palmah will have to come to life again" (see also "A Message of Fear and Incitement," *The Jerusalem Post*, May 28).

After paraphrasing Oz, Grossman says: "In other words, we (apparently meaning his kibbutz movement) had to ready ourselves for every kind of action. In my opinion, we are the only people in the country who can take the lead in actions of the sort that nobody speaks about (*sic*). We are a strong organized body, whose people are educated... in purposefulness, in the performance of tasks... For me, the meaning of the Likud's rise to power is clear: We have to get the skullcaps and helmets ready" (as Shulamit Aloni said soon after the election results were clear — M.K.).

Another veteran introspector, Elin Alon, 41, who writes poetry under the name of A. Elin and is here described as "dining-hall worker," says: "We've lost the State."

No less. And Grossman says: "... Or maybe we'll go under together with the State."

The moderator, Amir Shapiro, saw fit to peg the discussion on what an unnamed young man told

him: "Now, with the Likud in power, with us routed and disintegrating and left with virtually no hope, this isn't my State. I'm not ready to fight for it."

Elin Alon believes that "that is a legitimate reaction."

THE EIN SHEMER introspectors will doubtless be horrified to learn that they are speeding the coming of the Messiah.

Many of the pre-Messianic conditions described in the Talmud (Sanhedrin 97 and 98 and Sota 40) have already been fulfilled. For example, there is the fulfillment of the prophecy in Ezekiel 38:8-12, as understood by Rabbi Abba. We have seen the decrease in the number of wise people predicted by Rabbi Yohanan; the proliferation of impudence and the skyrocketing inflation foreseen by Rabbi Nehemiah; the contempt of youth for their elders predicted by Rabbi Nehora'; the bad government foretold by Rabbi Hama; the scorn of scholarship and piety and the absence of truth foreseen by Rabbi Yehuda; and so on.

Now, in Shulamit Aloni, Boaz Mo'ay, Avishai Grossman, Elin Alon and the like, we are seeing the fulfillment of another pre-Messianic condition. In Sanhedrin 97a we read:

Rava said: What is the meaning of the verse (Leviticus 13:13): "If it has gone all white, he is clean." The Sages taught: "God will give His people justice and have compassion on His servants, for He will see that their strength is gone" (Deuteronomy 32:36) — in other words, the Messiah will come only after there is an increase in the number of Jews who are ready to turn on their people, and after the Jews have despaired of the Redemption.

Is it possible that Gush Emunim has been delaying the Redemption by trying to stem the tide of despair? □

## Floating vote

### Ephraim Kishon

I MET THE VOTER at sea on the eve of election day, on board the slave galley "s.g. Rise and Shine." His legs were shackled, his hands plying the oars to the beat of the drum on deck, his eyes following the progress of the slave-driver and his long whip. My man was naked to the waist, and had a thick beard to show his veteran status.

I was on duty too, of course. I had a long last-minute session of the Executive behind me but, tired as I was, I dropped on the bench beside the fellow and introduced myself as an election campaigner for my party to the General Federation of Hebrew Slave Labour.

"We need your support in shaping Histadrut policy," I began in a comrade-to-comrade sort of voice, removing a bunch of pellets from my briefcase. "It's up to you to boost our strength in the Federation."

"Yeah," said the fellow, straining at the oars. "Whew..."

"Honest toil is an essential service," I told my fellow worker, to make sure he knew what he was doing. I opened the two top buttons of my shirt, and resumed: "You may well be proud of yourself, comrade. In a sea of uselessness, you are keeping on course, you are making headway, my man, you are pulling your weight."

The other galley slaves about me had company too: emissaries from rival parties were sitting beside them and quoting from their various policy programmes. I caught an occasional phrase like economic stability...social justice...need to boost exports...profit sharing.

The drummer on deck quickened the pace. It looked like the captain had taken to his water-skis.

"Don't forget, comrade, that you work seated — just like in the services," I told my sweating customer. "Besides, you see the world."

"Yeah," groaned the fellow. "Tied to a bench..."

"Other people are tied to the index. Figure that's any better?"

THEN GAVE HIM a brief lecture about our wish to see full slave representation on all galleys, especially Histadrut-owned galleys like the "Rise and Shine." Fair representation, internal democracy, and a balanced wage policy — those, I told him, were our slogans.

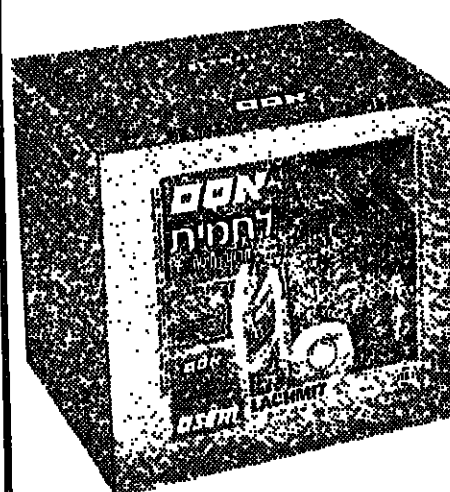
"I do hope the Slave Trade Union knows its business," I said. "Because personally I feel you should fight the ship-owners for a 16-hour working day, and re-training of slaves for the mines. We would support such a fight, my man, but for that we need your full confidence."

My fellow, meanwhile, was drawing my attention to the rats scurrying about his feet.

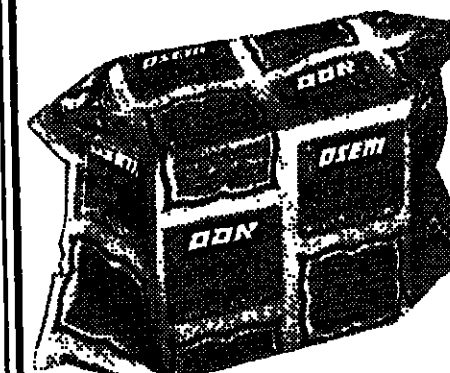
"Go?" I said. "They're not leaving the ship, are they? Makes you feel good, what?"

I assured him that after we won the elections we'd go on fighting for professional training and sound labour relations. I looked about me and noticed the rhythmic bowing and straightening of backs, and added a word about equal distribution of the burden. Then I picked up my briefcase and rose to leave.

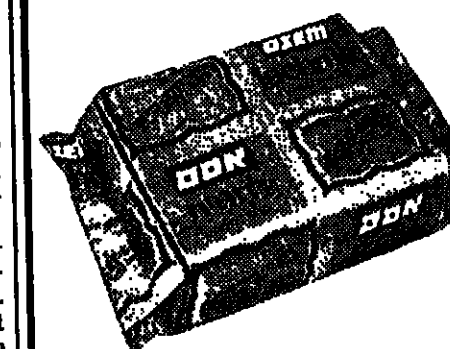
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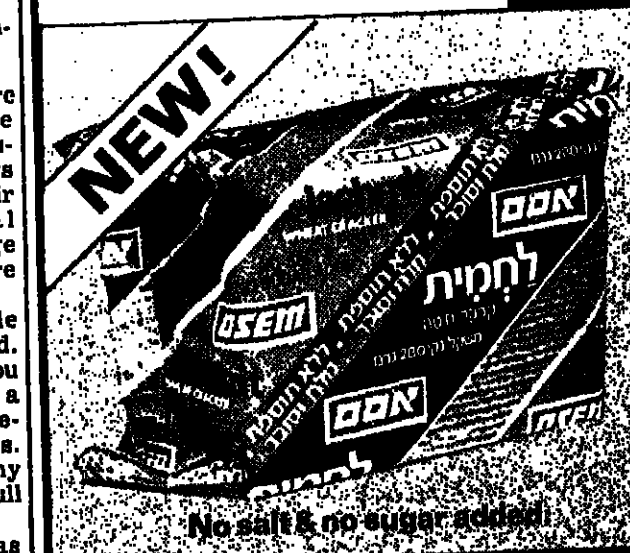
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# Invisible man

**GOLD AND IRON:** Bismarck, Bleichröder, and the Building of the German Empire by Fritz Stern. New York, Alfred A. Knopf. 920 + XXIV pp. \$17.95.

Lloyd P. Gartner

THE ACHIEVEMENTS of Otto von Bismarck, however they may be judged, were achievements indeed. Appointed in 1862 as Prime Minister of Prussia, he subdued the threatening forces of liberalism while expelling Austria from Germany in two brief wars, and defeated France while founding the German Empire under Prussian domination.

This harsh, imperious man, who despised parliaments and democracy, had as a fixed purpose the perpetuation of authoritarian monarchical rule and the political and social supremacy of the landed military officer class, the Junkers, to which he belonged. What price these achievements exacted the world knows.

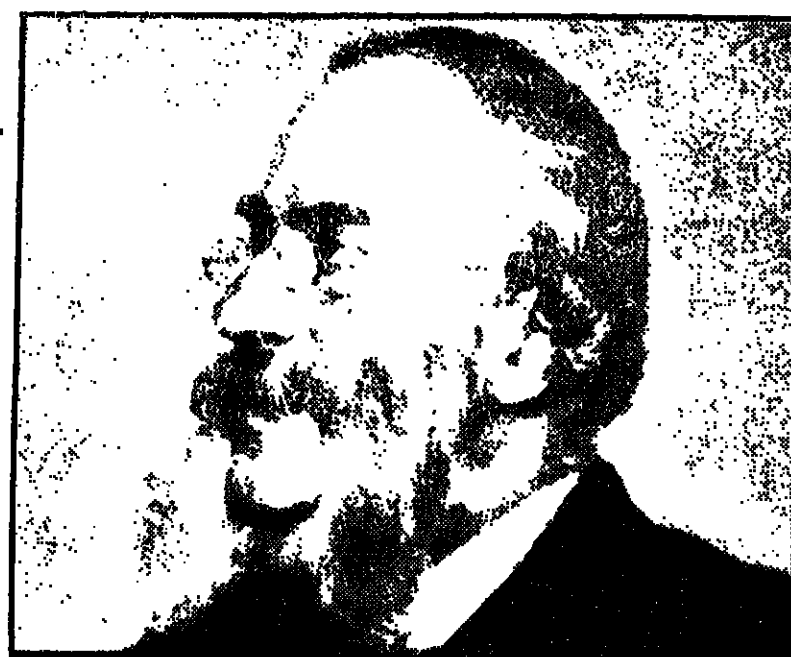
Conservative, Protestant, pro-Prussian, German nationalists apotheosized Bismarck. But what were such men — who generally disliked Jews when they were not outright anti-Semites — to make of the fact that their hero had a Jewish banker, Gerson von Bleichröder? Perhaps low money matters were best left to Jews. Still, the fact was nettling, es-

pecially because the Jew — Dr. Bleichröder, as they called him with ironic contempt — was ennobled in 1872 and could therefore attach the mystic von to his name.

Contemporaries gossiped, but German historians, dominated by the Prussian spirit, mentioned Bleichröder in passing, if at all. Long before "non-person" entered our vocabulary, Gerson von Bleichröder became one. For example, the learned editors of Bismarck's writings omitted all his letters to his banker.

THE NAZI upheaval, which destroyed the remnants of the Bleichröder bank, resulted in the Bleichröder archives being moved to America, where Professors Fritz Stern and David S. Landes began to explore them more than 15 years ago. Landes, an economic historian at Harvard, is to publish a history of the Bleichröder bank, while Stern's work appeared recently. It is a book of massive dimensions — about 300,000 words plus apparatus — written in a vivid, energetic style, and is unquestionably of extraordinary importance for German history.

Its subject may be defined as the interrelationship of finance, politics, and diplomacy in German history, 1860-1890, as seen through the relationship between the Jewish banker and the Junker chancellor. Besides providing fresh material and new light on many long-studied phases of the



Gerson von Bleichröder: Bismarck's 'non-person' personal Jewish banker.

history of Germany, *Gold and Iron* greatly enriches German Jewish history as well as the history of Jewish diplomacy.

GERSON BLEICHRÖDER was the dutiful Berlin banker of James de Rothschild of Paris when the latter recommended him to Bismarck in 1869. It is clear that Bleichröder became not only the chancellor's personal banker, but one whose skill and inside knowledge — with which his client and other high officials constantly provided him — made Bismarck, as well as himself, very rich.

While ignoring the fact that he had access to inside information, conservative German nationalist

historians have conceded this much. Throughout Bismarck's 28 years in power, no official served him longer, saw him more often, or corresponded with him more extensively than the non-person Bleichröder. And the relationship was not based only on personal finances. Hardly anyone in Germany was better informed than the Jewish banker about European affairs generally, and his views and services were vital to the chancellor.

Through Bleichröder, Stern clarifies major and minor historical questions, including such matters as the financing of the wars of the 1860s despite parliamentary opposition, the

French indemnity after the Franco-Prussian War, Bismarck's hitherto inexplicable insistence on saving German investors in Rumanian railroads, the economics of German colonialism during the 1880s, and the chancellor's outrageous but characteristic treatment of his own over the young man's love affair.

BLEICHRÖDER was a proper, for mal Jew. He assisted fellow-Jews not only with charity, which was easy enough, but through the intricate means of diplomacy. The triumph, as it then seemed, of Rumanian Jewish emancipation at the Congress of Berlin in 1878 was primarily his doing.

Bleichröder corresponded with patriarchs like Montefiore and Cremieux and with the Rothschilds about the state of the Jews. But these were not his main concerns. For Bleichröder was above all an eager social climber, and had a thick skin; he seems to have disregarded the innumerable slights visited upon him even by those whom he assisted financially and entertained socially.

Shrewd as he was in business, he still mistook formal courtesy for genuine acceptance — if he wasn't fully accepted, then his sons would be. But they were ladies' men and practically non-entities. They converted to Christianity and started their father's bank on its long decline. The Nazis finished both the family and the business.

This superlative work on Bismarck and Bismarck's banker is, as the author fully recognizes, also a major study in German Jewish history. □

## Once over lightly

**ECONOMIC HISTORY OF THE JEWS** by Salo Baron and others. Jerusalem, Keter. 304 pp. IL6.

IT'S ALWAYS rather sad when a book on an important and topical theme fails to live up to expectations.

Keter have used the vast resources at their disposal from the *Encyclopaedia Judaica* to produce an eight-volume "Library of Jewish Knowledge" series. True, it could be argued that a library series purports to be superficial. But the volume concerned skims over items of major significance (e.g. the expulsions from Spain and England) and leaves many questions unanswered.

The general survey attempts in 100 pages to cover the entire economic history of the Jews and, in contrast to other works in depth by Prof. Baron, it takes a lot of knowledge on the part of the reader for granted.

The sections on agriculture, industry, and service are no more than short historical background articles. To cover the entire subject of agriculture in Israel since 1800 in 25 lines is hardly doing justice to the subject — even such basic questions as how citrus became a major export and sugar did not are left unanswered.

Both students and laymen — especially those familiar with Trevelyan, the doyen of writers on English social history, and the depth of his thought — will consider this book a potential unfulfilled. □

Martin Stern

# Edifying junk

**VISIONS BEFORE MIDNIGHT** by Clive James. London, Jonathan Cape. 176 pp. £3.05.

Philip Gillon

CLIVE JAMES is one of those lucky men who are obliged by their jobs to watch endless hours of television and to comment on what they see. As television critic for *The Observer*, he has been watching everything on the box for years, and he has used the experience to write the caustic pieces now collected in this volume.

He writes in his preface that it felt, and it still feels, "almost illegal to be paid for having such a good time... junk was often as edifying as the quality material and sometimes more so. The screen teemed with unsummarizable activity. It was full of visions, legends, myths, fables. And the most fabulous characters of all were those fictional ones who thought that they were factual."

He goes on, "Any television critic soon gets used to being asked about how he supports the loss of all those dinner parties. Doesn't he pine for intelligent conversation? The real answers to such questions are usually too rude to give..."

I myself have seen, at a dinner party in honour of an American VIP, a group of Israelis pining to switch on *Rockford*, while the

visitor lectured them on how TV turns brains to mush. Somerset Maugham, in the days before television was invented, preferred bridge to conversation.

James has an acute ear for the pompous, the banal, the phoney. He is merciless about patriotic British newscasters at the Munich Olympics trying to focus attention on a British hope named Brinkley. "There's a Brinkley, quite content to let Mark Spitz set the pace..." A lyrical phrase about Spitz catches James's fancy: "Every move of his is concentrated into just moving through that water."

JAMES MAKES his own rules as to what should go into a television review: sometimes he massacres the talkers, generally he uses the pieces he is seeing as a peg on which to hang his own ideas. *War and Peace*, for instance, inspires thoughts about Tolstoy, Shakespeare and Verdi.

Some of the pieces suffer because we don't know the characters he is lampooning; some headlines or footnotes might have made it easier for those of us who watch the box outside the British Isles. He assassinate most of the newscasters, whom we don't know — we don't even know whether they survived his murderous onslaughts. Those people who covered the marriage of Princess Anne — are they still "intoning twelves" at similar events? But the cuts are so sharp that we read on



Telly Savalas as Kojak, "...making bad slang sound like good slang..."

fascinated, even when we cannot identify the bodies.

NATURALLY, we much prefer James writing about programmes we too have seen. Of *Ironside* and *Mission Impossible* he notes that each has a compulsory black: Mark is given two lines of dialogue. "I'll make some coffee," and "Guess I'd better make some coffee." The one in *Mission Impossible* gets no dialogue at all.

Comparing *Columbo* with *Kojak* to the detriment of the former, he

wonders why *Kojak* can dress so well on a lieutenant's salary, while *Columbo*, on the same salary, has to look like a vagrant. He apparently forgets that *Columbo* is married. But he admires Telly Savalas's ability to "make bad slang sound like good slang and good slang sound like lyric poetry."

He is hard on politicians. Some expert told Harold Wilson to take off his coat and relax: the difference, James notes, was between a corpse standing up and a corpse sitting down. He dislikes

Margaret Thatcher's tone — "the condescending explanatory whine which treats the squirming interloper as an eight-year-old child with personality deficiencies... The Thatcher sneer at full pitch."

HE IS VERY critical — but not critical enough — when he writes about *QB VII*, the Leon Uris opus about the Holocaust. James says, "The universal catastrophe of ideological homicide was reduced to a specious conflict in the mind of a Hollywood mediocrity. This is being too gentle, a rare fault in James."

Then he has some interesting things to say about the *Six Million Dollar Man*, when the Bionic Man acquires his steady girl friend, Bionic Woman. "Since either of them, in a careless moment, would be capable of pushing over a building with one hand, the question arises of how they manage their love life. They would surely be capable of doing each other fearful damage in the spasms of rapture... Imagine what he could do with a single misplaced curse. He could break every circuit in her body. They'd be lying there in a heap of wires and a puddle of hydraulic fluid."

And so on. He ends, as he began, with the sportscasters, who have moved to Montreal, as patriotic and fatuous as ever.

Even the most addicted of us cannot watch television 24 hours a day, because the powers-that-be don't provide that much of it. The next best thing to watching it, however, is reading about it. Reading Clive James is not as good as watching *Kojak* but it comes mighty close. □

# Infidel theory

**HAGARISM: The Making of the Islamic World** by Patricia Crone and Michael Cook. Cambridge University Press. 288 pp. £7.50.

Nissim Rejwan

"... AND IN this pun lies the earliest identity of the faith which was in the fullness of time to become Islam." Thus Miss Crone and Mr. Cook conclude their opening chapter, characteristically entitled "Judeo-Hagarism."

Presently I will try to give the gist of this enormous "pun." But before doing so, let me warn the prospective reader that this is not an easy book to summarize. As to the soundness or otherwise of its main thesis, this reviewer is neither fully qualified nor sufficiently inclined to pass judgment. In fact, it is doubtful whether more than half-a-dozen specialists all over the world today would honestly claim to be both; as the authors say in the preface, theirs is "a pioneering expedition through some very rough country, not a guided tour."

Now for the pun. The authors believe that the original bearers of the Arab religious identity we now know as Islam did not call themselves Muslims. The earliest datable occurrence of this term, they argue, is in the Dome of the Rock of 691, and it is not otherwise used outside Islamic literature until far into the eighth century. An earlier designation of the community, however, appears in Greek as *Magaristai*, and in Syriac as *Mahgre* or *Mahgraye*. Now the corresponding Arabic term for

these Greek and Syriac designations is *muhajirun* — plural of *muhajir*, emigrant.

According to the authors, two notions are involved in this term. The first is genealogical: an early Syriac source quoted by them informs us that the *Mahgraye* are the descendants of Abraham and Hagar. This notion has long been rather lost in the Islamic tradition. However, alongside this ascribed status there is also an attained one which is fully preserved in that tradition: the *muhajirun* are those who take part in a *hijra*, an exodus.

So far, so good. However, whereas in the Islamic tradition this exodus is from Mecca to Medina and its date is identified with the inception of the Arab era in 622, the authors point out that no early source attests to the historicity of such an exodus. Instead they marshal evidence suggesting that the exodus in question in fact refers to "the emigration of the Ishmaelites from Arabia to the Promised Land."

This theory is made the more plausible by further evidence depicting Arab building activity in Jerusalem as aimed at the restoration of the Temple — which, according to the authors, "at least suggests that this is what the Arabs originally took themselves to be doing."

This "Palestinian orientation of the movement" was suitably supplied by the Prophet Muhammad with a rationale for what the authors call "Arab involvement in the enactment of Judaic messianism." This rationale consists of a dual in-

vocation of the Abrahamic descent of the Arabs as Ishmaelites: "On the one hand to endow them with a birthright to the Holy Land, and on the other to provide them with a monotheist genealogy."

However "Sooner rather than later, the mixture of Israelite redemption and Ishmaelite genealogy was going to curdle... the very success of the Arabs precluded a gradual dissociation from Jewish messianism, and required instead a sharp and immediate break."

THE THRUST of these arguments should be obvious to the interested student. But having pointed out that virtually all accounts of the early history of Islam "take it as axiomatic that it is possible to elicit at least the outline of the process from the Islamic sources," the authors cast considerable doubt on the historicity of the Islamic tradition as a whole. They add that while there are no cogent internal grounds for rejecting that tradition, "there are equally no cogent external grounds for accepting it."

The alternative, therefore, is between proceeding in the usual fashion "by presenting a sensibly edited version of the tradition as historical fact" and regarding the tradition as "without determinate historical content."

The only way out of the dilemma is thus to step outside the Islamic tradition altogether and start again."

The authors are fully aware of the implications of this act of rebellion.

"This is a book written by infidels for infidels, and it is based on what from any Muslim perspective must appear an inordinate regard for the testimony of infidel sources. Our account is not merely unacceptable; it is also one, which any Muslim whose faith is

as a gram of mustard seed should find no difficulty in rejecting."

Nor are their thesis and conclusions likely to be welcomed by Muslims who have lost their religious faith but retain their ancestral pride. It is to these that they address the following interesting explanation:

"What we wish to stress... is that the strong evaluative overtones of the language in which we have analyzed the formation of Islamic civilization do not add up to any simplistic judgement for or against. We have presented the formation of the new civilization as a unique cultural achievement, and one to which the maraudings of our own barbarian ancestors offer no parallel whatever; but equally we have presented the achievement as one which carried with it extraordinary cultural costs, and it is above all the necessary linkage between the achievement and the costs that we have tried to elucidate."

IN THAT last phrase, Miss Crone and Mr. Cook unwittingly put their fingers on what will no doubt be judged as the main weakness of their book. In the first place, many historians would certainly take exception to the thesis that it is the historian's task to elucidate such a linkage, or even touch upon it, let alone make it his main business. Secondly, even if it were his business, the eager authors of this book tend to overdo it by half.

Their style of historical writing is strongly reminiscent of Arnold Toynbee's *Study of History* and, although it has no resemblance to that work in sheer scope, it is probably fair to say about this book what a contemporary historian has said about Toynbee's *magnum opus* — that it is a work in which the details are always more convincing than the general message. □

Martin Stern

# Tart and gossip

**THE LITTLE MAGAZINES: A study of Six Editors** by Ian Hamilton. London, Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 182 pp. IL80.

Isabella Fey

SIX LITTLE MAGAZINES and six big editors — these are the themes of Ian Hamilton's little book on a big subject. Today, when radio, TV and inflation have all but killed off the literary journals and scattered their readership, when most surviving magazines are owned by large, non-literary companies, and when too many editorial boards are practically governed by semi-literate salesmen, it is good to read even a small book about a few of the important "little mags" that encouraged literature in the past 50 years or so.

Heaven knows, we need more not less literature, for this is the age of electronic gadgetry that is used everywhere to amplify mindless inarticulacy as the ultimate life-style.

Ian Hamilton is the tart-tongued editor of *The New Review* (11 Greek St., London WC1, in case you want your poetry returned promptly). He is engaging, superficial and precise in his account of the editors, three of whom raised the cultural banner in provincial America, while the other three kept it flying in snobbish England.

*The Little Review*, ecstatically launched in the culturally airless Chicago of 1914 by Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap, was soon invaded and transformed, at least partially, by Ezra Pound,

teaballs depending from her bust, "a velvet tam o'shanter ornamented with long ice-cream-soda spoons and a feather... her hair was the colour of a bay horse."

What this portended for American aesthetics is hard to say, even with Hamilton's comical hindsight. *The Little Review* lived till 1927 (a long time, since most little mags apparently have a 10-year life-span). Hamilton describes the drawn-out obscenity of the magazine's existence, and he is funny at the magazine's expense; but by and large he is fair.

CHAPTER TWO is entitled "Poetry in Portopolis," and tells the tale of *Poetry*, *A Magazine of Verse*, founded and edited for many years by another female enthusiast, Harriet Monroe. Up pops Ezra Pound again, bringing culture and talents from abroad to Chicago. Hamilton calls Pound "an indefatigable colonizer of little magazines" — happy phrase.

Pound was on a perpetual cultural safari. In every time and place he bagged trophies and trash, sending both back for everyone's benefit but his own. Pound was quite a lot like Maxim Gorki — self-taught, full of mixed gifts; as Ivan Bunin put it of Gorki in his *Memories and Portraits*: "He wrote correctly, with extraordinary competence... and the amount he read, with the insatiable greed of the eternal semi-intellectual, was quite incredible."

Perhaps this explains how Pound, another astonishing autodidact, could embrace Mussolini and anti-Semitism so thoughtlessly.

The same possible excuse does not apply to Pound's friend, T. S. MacDonald, one of the editing bunch, is not Jewish. *Partisan Review*, like *Poetry*, is the only six editors? I should like to see other survivor among the six, nesting now at Rutgers University and Scrabble. □

How times have changed! The verdict was guilty, the editors were fined \$50 each and had to give an undertaking not to print any more of *Ulysses*. Later, Pound made off, and the *Little Review* found new support in a widowed German, the Baroness Blase von Freytag-Loringhoven, who wore odd costumes: a red Scotch kilt, 5-and-10-cent store jewellery, two metal

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## Fiddler on the hoof

UNFINISHED JOURNEY by  
Yehudi Menuhin. London, Mac-  
donald and Jane's. 393 pp. £5.95.

Fay Doron

THIS limpidly written autobiography flows gently over the happy life of a gentle genius and reveals Yehudi Menuhin not only as the great violinist who plays Bach in so godly a manner but as a good man who loves life, his fellow-men, his instrument and his wife. It also shows him, more surprisingly perhaps, to be a good, if non-conformist, son of the Jewish people.

Another celebrity, given the name "Jew" before even emerging from his mother's womb, might have rebelled against this enforced identity. But Menuhin writes: "I see no point in pretending to be other than I am. I would not change my name or be baptized."

Menuhin's parents both came to Palestine from Russia, his father as a boy of 11 in 1904, his mother later. The two met here and fell in love but left separately for the United States. Moshé Menuhin took up a mathematics scholarship at New York University when he was 18. The couple came together again in New York and married. (It was not until I was half-way through *Unfinished Journey* that the heretical thought crossed my mind that had this happened during the last 80 years, Menuhin would have been labelled the son of yordim.)

Both the Menuhins taught Hebrew to support themselves, and Hebrew was the language spoken in the home until Yehudi was three. He still calls his father "Abba" (he writes it as "Aba"), though "Imma" gave way later to "Mamma". And when he performs here he never fails to collect his large tribe of Israeli relatives around him. (His children were brought up to recognise their Israeli connection. I remember hearing Jeremy — now a pianist in his own right — being told as a small boy during the interval of a concert to go and "keep Tante so-and-so company.")

The three gifted Menuhins — Yehudi and his pianist sisters Hephzibah and Yaltah (a French musician once exclaimed: "Mme Menuhin's womb is a veritable conservatoire!") — grew up in a warm and loving home. For his part, Yehudi pays tribute to his parents for the self-effacing way they approached the task of rearing genius; though he comments drily that "raising a gifted child is not unlike raising a cretin, I imagine."

His first contact with music was at the age of two, when his parents smuggled him into a matinee performance of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. By the time he was four he asked for his first violin. Luck was with him: his maternal grandmother in Palestine sent him \$800 as a birthday present. Half went on the violin and half on the family's first car.

THE MENUHIN home in San Francisco was not only warm but also very colourful. "Mamma" was convinced that she was the descendant of Tartaric khans. She loved bright colours, always had a harem-divan full of cushions in the living room and wore Turkish trousers at home long before they



became fashionable. The Cherkessian forebears she claimed were the heroes held up to her son, and when the family moved to a larger house it was called Villa Cherkess. Yehudi refers tenderly to his mother's complex about her ancestry, but it is just possible that it may have driven her daughters into early marriages.

Mamma's fixation on the east turned it into a lodestar for her son. This grew brighter with the fact that his beloved teacher, Georges Enesco, was Rumanian. ("Nothing Enesco said was wrong, nothing he pointed to misleading... Everything I do carries his imprint.") The journey to Enesco in Rumania was the first step that took Menuhin ever eastwards, to Russia and finally to India. (Incidentally, Menuhin gives one of the simplest explanations of Indian music I have ever read.)

He writes frankly about the breakdown of his first marriage to Australian-born Nola Nicholas (whose brother was Hephzibah's first husband). Nola bore him two children, Zamira and Krov (he had no idea, he writes, that Zamira was a Hebrew name when he gave it to his daughter). But their life-styles differed. Nola loved going to supper-clubs — but "for all my travelling, restaurants remained a somewhat foreign institution whose soft music and hard drink created a *goyische* Lethe that filled me with existential alarm."

When the two parted eventually, Yehudi found it difficult to cope with the situation. "There was nothing in my past to teach me how to cope with failure," he writes. Many a reader will envy a man born under such a lucky star.

It was at this time of distress that Menuhin came to know and reverence Bela Bartok, who wrote his Violin Solo Sonata for him. "That I should have evoked this magnificent music is a source of infinite satisfaction, that I should have played it to Bartok before he died remains one of the great milestones of my life," he says.

In 1947 came the incident that was to raise a storm of Jewish protest. Menuhin went to Berlin to play with Wilhelm Furtwaengler. For him it was an experience of almost religious intensity to have played the greatest German music with the greatest of German conductors; however, "I came down from the clouds to find myself a traitor."

At a concert for displaced persons immediately afterwards, Menuhin was booed and cursed by the handful of DPs who had come to hear him. He went to their camp to try to explain his position. "We Jews don't beg, we work," he told his sullen audience. "We are the best cobblers, tailors, doctors, musicians. That's what it means to be a Jew. I've come to Germany to restore that image, to show how false was Hitler's caricature. That's why I'm here."

Hitler's victims warmed to him, but American Jewry protested violently. For Menuhin, however, "the real test was in Israel." To his impresario, who warned him of possible demonstrations, he replied: "Precisely because I played in Berlin I want to play in Israel."

HE CAME to give concerts here in 1950 and this was the beginning of "my long, sometimes fault-finding, always sympathetic involvement with my fellow-men of the State of Israel." The Promised Land, Menuhin writes, had always been part of the landscape of his imagination, looming as it did in his family prehistory.

"I was not proof against Israel's extraordinary dynamism. To meet a tolerance that accepted the odd man out... was a heart-warming experience. So was the discovery of uncles and cousins... working in kibbutzim, in a workshop making musical instruments... Though I can never be a Zionist... Israel has taken me by storm... Each visit, since 1950, has renewed the excitement."

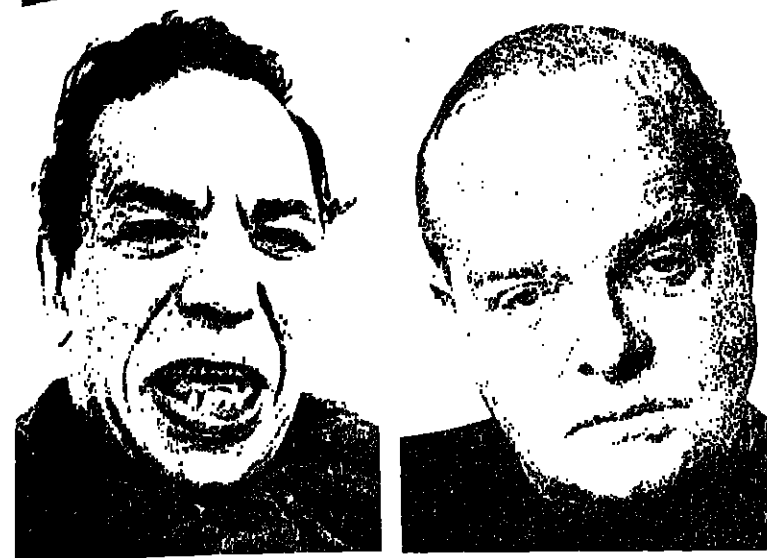
There is much more in this volume to interest musical layman and professional alike. Menuhin writes of his children and his friends. He speaks warmly of his teachers and fellow-artists. He describes his own musical theories and techniques without descending into jargon.

Today, entering his 51st year, Menuhin can look back on a full life. He has not travelled a narrow path but has been involved with various kinds of human commitments, from Amnesty to ecology. He has found new vocations in teaching musically talented children, and in conducting. He has very definite views, many of them perhaps utopian in today's world; but his ideals are as noble as his profile is pure.

Menuhin is a modest man. He counts his blessings:

"Humbly and gratefully I acknowledge how privileged I am. Apart from the death of a child at birth, I have known tragedy only at second hand... I have been preserved from sudden crisis, from the isolation, scorn and hatred which so many Jews have suffered, from the drabness of existence without purpose."

Foremost among those blessings must be his unself-consciously reiterated love for his second wife, Diana, which is the *Leitmotive* running through *Unfinished Journey*. One hopes that this tall and elegant woman, now once more beginning to exercise her own creative talents, is also counting her own blessings. □



(Left) Oscar Levant. (Right) Truman Capote — by Richard Avedon.

## Books in focus

ALTHOUGH Avedon's book (Portraits by Richard Avedon, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$25) more rewarding than the contains only one double page of nudes, it is the "nakedest" I have ever seen. To avoid any misunderstanding, what I have in mind is nakedness from the shoulders up. The naked souls of a variety of people — artists, writers, actors, doctors and caterers — stare at you from the pages.

Avedon's style, referred to in the foreword as "objective cruelty," is austere, with no props to distract from his unflinching dissection. His portraits are all black and white, against stark white backgrounds.

Somehow, one gets the impression that Avedon really dislikes his sitters (a contradiction in terms, since he shoots most of his subjects standing up; maybe that weakens their defences and makes them less smug). Yet photographers are always taught that compassion is the secret of good, human-interest pictures.

This collection shows that man is not among nature's more aesthetic creations. But the ugliness of the subjects, strangely enough, fascinates rather than repels. The portraits are truer than true. So much so, that even the famous faces we have known for years seem strange.

The good photographer — not the flatterer — has his own view of the person in front of his lens, who naturally tries to get across an image of himself as he would like to be. A battle ensues during the sitting, climaxing with each clicking of the shutter. Avedon wins them all.

It would be too charitable to review Avedon's work without mentioning the final chapter. If he bares his subjects' souls in all the other plates, the last seven bare his own. Through a series of photos of his father, taken over four years, he shows the old man transformed from a healthy octogenarian into a hopeless victim of cancer. The last photograph actually leaves us in doubt as to whether we are seeing a living person or a corpse. We are compelled to recognize the thin line that divides the genius from the inhuman monster in this uncompromising search for truth in portraiture.

AND IN contrast, Mother Earth (Grand Design, The Earth from Above by George Gerster. Paddington Press, \$26), Gerster's beautiful portfolio of aerial photographs, taken in more than a thousand hours of flying, can ex-

plain man's ancient desire to fly. The bird's-eye view is so much more rewarding than the pedestrian's. Ugliness recedes with altitude.

Even the deadliest of landscapes shown to us by Gerster — the salt desert — explodes into a tumultuous kaleidoscope of colours. And what could be uglier than an automobile junkyard? Well, you have to see one from the air — it could turn out to be a charming pattern of multi-coloured dots. And flying over agricultural land, we learn that farmers are great abstract artists.

Paradoxically, this book makes our ecological battles seem ridiculous. All the atrocities committed by mankind are nullified. Mother Earth looks unperturbed and robustly healthy. It is almost impossible to believe — looking at these photographs — that we have already done a lot to kill her.

TO PUT Linda's Pictures (by Linda McCartney; Jonathan Cape, \$7.50) on the same coffee table as Gerster's is not entirely fair. She just is not in the same class. But there is no denying that she is a good, even an above-average, photographer.

The 148 plates in this collection are uniformly pleasant to look at; both the black and white and the colour shots are well composed, taken at the right moment and fairly interesting. Good, honest photography. Not thought-provoking; nothing to upset your innards as you look at them.

The question that immediately comes to mind, banal, and ungenerous though it may be, must be asked: Were she not Mrs. Paul ("Beatles") McCartney, would her publisher have invested in it?

I AM ALWAYS suspicious of photographers who talk a great deal about photography. It is to the credit of practically every one of the eight masters interviewed here (Interviews with Master Photographers by James Danziger and Barnaby Conrad III; Paddington Press, \$5.95) that he had to be cajoled into "philosophizing" about his art.

Elliot Erwitt, a true master, put it very well: "A lot of photographers like to put their hand to their forehead and tell you how they've suffered and so forth."

Personally, I tend to believe that Rembrandt spent more time painting his pictures than talking about them. Photographers should have the modesty to do the same. □ David Rubinger

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Lumieres — (The French Movie Magazine)

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Amalia Argaman, Yediot Ahronot

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When the lights go on — you feel as if you had been there".

Shlomo Shamgar, Yediot Ahronot

"Avraham's bustan (garden) changes, as if with a wave of the wand to the Garden of Eden... the immigrant director formed a... powerful poem... the film has a dream-like quality thanks to the artistic talents of the camera man."

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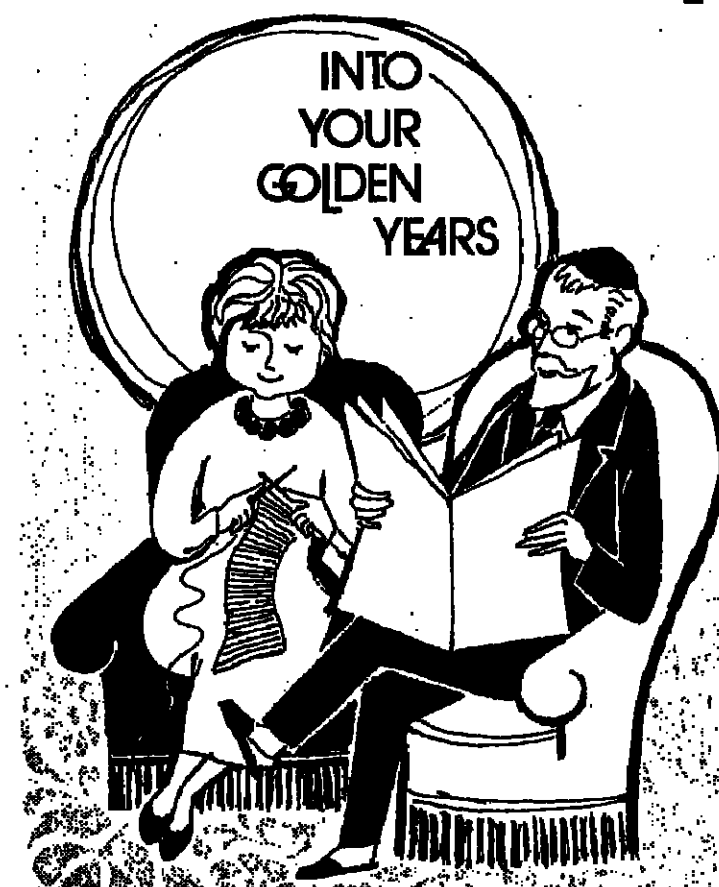
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 HAIFA, Auditorium, Sat. July 2, 7.00 & 9.30 p.m.  
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 JERUSALEM, Binyamin Ha'ozma, Sat., July 2, 9.15 p.m.  
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 Tickets: Dal Beit Haham, Levin, at plants and the cinema.  
 BEER-SHEVA, Karan, Wed., July 6, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.  
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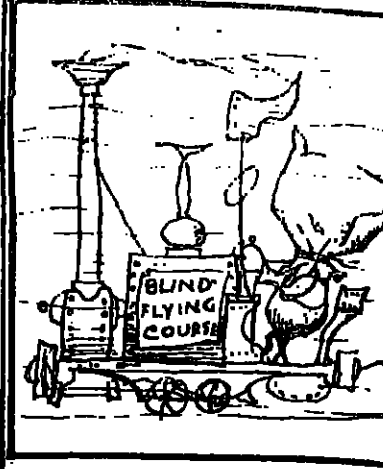
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## Iron horse

THE EARLY MORNING MILK TRAINS — the cream of Emmet railway drawings. Foreword by Bevis Hillier. London, John Murray, 122 pp. £8.95

STEAM RAILWAYS by C. Hamilton Ellis. London, Eyre Methuen, 150 photographs. £5.75.

AFTER starving through the Thirties, the British were well set to take the austerities of the wartime Forties with a smile. Helping them along was Panch (who can forget essays like "I Produce Motion Without Petrol"), and the sanest drawings in Panch of that period were those of Rowland Emmet, whose wartime country trains carrying over-military-age commuters literally left the tracks of reasonable imagination.

This collection, which runs from the early Forties to the early Fifties (when Emmet left off cartooning to turn his rolling stock into actual models commissioned by stockbrokers), is chiefly valuable as an exercise in nostalgia. The often shaky draughtsmanship has not stood the test of time; neither has the fey humour, for if a locomotive appeared in a contemporary magazine cartoon it would likely be portrayed as an explicit phallic symbol. But Emmet's chief asset was an instantly recognizable style and ambience, still any cartoonist's most precious assets.

NOSTALGIA is also the key to genuine enjoyment of *Sleem Rathways*, though the fascinating photographs provide some excellent technical information.

As a boy I raked life and limb to clamber into the sort of signal-box shown here, so that I could watch husky young men in collars and ties throwing the huge levers that moved the rail points. Today, trains are switched by computers.

As this book shows, train and rail technology remained pretty well unchanged for half a century, until the advent of the diesel. The train, as the major transport factor, also spawned some marvellous architecture, from the great Victorian metropolitan wrought-iron roccos of English country platforms, some of which have been preserved by the National Trust.

The railway employees who appear in this book are men who took a pride in their jobs: the note struck in all the photographs. The diesel and cinders have long disappeared — and with them much of the luxurious service, although it is still a pleasure to dine (first class) on the Cornish Express or on Swiss and some German trains.

Getting there used to be half the fun. □

Meir Rosenn

THERE HAS been a redundancy about the synoptic drawings of MICHAEL EISEMANN over the past couple of years. Re-statements and reshufflings of similar ideas and subjects, neatly arranged as free associations, have resulted in pictures which I would describe as schematic visual adjectives. His drawings are not of "things, people and places" but about them, about their construction, their relation to design and pattern, their colour families and, occasionally, their historical parallels.

Despite these specific objections, Eisemann's is a surface art, pretty, delicate and touched with a Klee-inspired sensuality, yet devoid of any deep intellectual or emotional appeal.

His current show of mixed-media drawings is, however, his most mature to date. Although they are similar in style and intent to previous work, Eisemann has, this time, concentrated on a single subject — nature. Replacing his stylized symbols and signs are actual specimens, landscapes and related plants.

Using a parchment-like paper, Eisemann deliberately spots, stains and scratches the surface, superficially forging its age. This treatment of the paper, as well as the drafting of an overall grid, which indicates an intention to enlarge later on, are essential factors in the associative poetry that he wants us to consider.

EMULATING Corot's Italian sketches and the country scenes inspired by the Barbizon school's direct-from-nature approach, Eisemann positions a framed landscape, either brushed vigorously in Indian ink or softly painted in a wet watercolour technique, as the centrepiece of his composition.

Surrounding the "drawings within the drawing" are written and diagrammatic narratives abstracted from the real view or from the artist's imagination. These literary and visual connections take the form, in one frame, of colour swatches that illuminate the chromatic properties of a subject without rendering them

## Visual adjectives



Sketching by Jacob Sokol, in black and white. (Petach Tikva Yeh Lebanim)

## Gil Goldfine

Matlase to Pop we can identify with this technique. But for Eisemann it is, at least for the moment, a way out of stagnation and marking time. (Kirsztajn Gallery, 25 Gordon, Tel Aviv, till July 5.)

CHAIM KIEWE, one of Israel's most consistent abstractionists, shows recent paintings on paper that are direct continuations, with additions, of his hard-edge, fragmented, conservatively chromatic style. Between reduc-

## Better on ice



## THEATRE

## Mendel Kohansky

illustrate A.S. Eddington's ideas about the nature of matter, a subject having as little to do with parapsychology as this writing has to do with the theatre. Oded Teomi is a fine actor, as he proved again in some of the readings. He also possesses an attractive stage personality. But I found an hour and 20 minutes of uninterrupted listening to that hedge-podge of banalities, unsupported pretensions and just plain blabber a bit too much to bear.

TO TURN to a happier subject, nothing can possibly be less pretentious than the *Holiday on Ice* show now visiting Tel Aviv. I cannot think of anyone with a taste so debased by attending the avant garde theatre and

live interior patterns of angular, flat shapes of walls, chairs and portals. Kiewe has brushed expressive figures or anatomical parts.

The pictorial contrast between opaque architectural constructions and transparent flesh is altogether obvious and doesn't always hit the mark. Segmentation often reaches the point of disjointedness, breaking up tightly organized compositions that rely on all the parts pulling together. Stuart Davis, Robert Motherwell and shades of Braque all seem to find their way into Kiewe's figurative interpretations. (Gordon Gallery, 28 Gordon, Tel Aviv, till July 16.)

JACOB SOKOL is a talented youngster of 18 who has recently completed a course in graphics and printing at the Lady Davis School.

Bewildered by the failures of his elders and confused by the illogical performances that occur so often in our society, Sokol has drawn and etched a remarkable series of black and white pictures whose main characters are clowns, devils, executioners, warriors, ladies in distress and abductors. They act out terrible scenes of mutilation and debasement with ferocious reality. There is a perversity here that strikes at Bosch and Goya, salted with melancholic overtones of Dürer and our local artist Yoram Rosov.

Sokol is young but not naive. He doesn't seem to be making judgments about right and wrong, heaven and earth or good and evil. His expressive, freely organized pictures, despite the heavy handling of line and the immature, sometimes callous renderings, are projections of his sensitive feelings, presented allegorically for the purpose of hurrying our enlightened modern world into a medieval perspective. (Petach Tikva Yeh Lebanim, till June 30.)

We regret that in Gil Goldfine's review of the current show at the Moshav Gallery (Magazine, June 10), Ahuva Shulman's name was incorrectly printed.

other sophisticated shows as not to enjoy the sight of a shapely girl, her scanty costume gleaming with rhinestones, performing graceful acrobatic feats on ice without the slightest sign of effort. Or a huge production number with hundreds of skaters, their costumes equipped with thousands of tiny bulbs which light up at climactic moments, flashing through space in mind-boggling configurations to the whirling of strobe lights, the blare of music and the explosion of fireworks.

*Holiday on Ice* is kitsch triumphant, kitsch proudly proclaiming itself as such, not ashamed to present a show which does not require the viewer to invest even the minutest amount of thinking.

However, nothing these days is as good as it used to be. Having regularly attended the ice shows for the past decade or so, I found the present one below par. Everything is there but the spirit of invention.

THE TROUBLE with ice shows is that the limited repertory of stunts has to be dressed up by a variety of invention, large production numbers, humour and acrobatics in order to keep the audience happy for about two hours. The present show seems to have run out of ideas.

Still, a few numbers are enjoyable and worth mentioning. show. □

## Haifa Art notes

## Ephraim Harris

FREE ORGANIZATION of Painters and Sculptors, Haifa, is the 20th anniversary exhibition with 40 painters and four sculptors taking part. In accordance with the organization's principles, the work is chiefly realist, the only possible abstracts (and they may have a realist basis) being Kogan's "Storm," Debaro's "Flowers," Gabrieli's "Haifa" and L. Weissenberg's "Beethoven." Land and urban scape oils predominate, e.g. Hirschhorn's "Wadi Salib," H. Wisenberg's "Old Port," whose long cliff juts out to sea, Szlagly's "Roots" (different from those of Kolker's 54), Shurek's impressionism, Spinrad's blue nocturne "Jerusalem" (61), Weinberger's rather indeterminate minuscule landscape, Frankel's "Hof Carmel," Dobrin's "Mountain Scape" and B. Shalor's "Houses," and Kerem's drawing, "Returning from Jerusalem." The watercolours are not too exciting, apart from Caspi's "Drawing" (31), actually a tinted landscape, and Korber's "Ships." Some items attract through the novelty of their subjects, viz. Dodelson's "Drunkard" (a café scene), Tzur's highly polished "The Woman's Discovery," suggesting the Middle Ages, Croitoru's hard edge "Fragile" and Shulman's beach scene, "The Fate of Pots." Among other pieces are Brecher's "Flowers" and Y. Shalor's fantasy, "Fruit Landscape."

The four sculptors use different media; I give preference to Moses's "Beggar," Schild's "Prayer," Schenk's "Black Woman" and Liberman's "Small Bourgeois." (The Municipal Theatre, Haifa.)

Guy Longfey, whom the programme notes describe as "the world's best paid clown," earns every penny of whatever unspecified sum he gets. His act hasn't changed over the years, which is the way it should be. He bursts on the arena at lightning speed, flashing a smile which makes all toothpaste ads look dull in comparison, and never leaves his face as he goes through his hair-raising routine. He streaks across the ice to stop dead just as he is about to hit those sitting in the front row. He leaps through the air as if lifted and carried by an invisible crane, winding up seated in a deep puddle and having great fun splashing the icy water all over himself.

Then there is a long, elaborate take-off on the *Pink Panther* film, the part of Peter Sellers played by Ernest Mayer, billed as the world's smallest skater (1m. 38cm. in his stockinged feet), accompanied by a bevy of cute pink panthers skating on two legs; a Christmas number with the skaters cowering under a heavy fall of snow, a huge Christmas tree rising out of the centre of the arena; a trio of chimpanzees who skate and ride hobby-horses; and the Los Argentinos trio, who don't skate but beat drums and whirl bolos (the gaucho version of the Wild West lasso) and altogether give a stirring, almost frightening show. □

مكذبا من الأصل



MY FAMILY would like to eat chips "French fries" to Americans with everything. They don't, of course, but they do get them alongside steaks, hamburgers, hot dogs and fish. Lately, the family has been getting more chips than usual, since I have been doing experiments with the commercially-frozen variety versus the homemade.

It started with a press luncheon last month by "Tapud," a cooperative potato-processing plant of the kibbutzim in the Sha'ar Hanegev region. The company is best known for its frozen Tapugan chips, its dry Tapuchips (potato crisps) in cellophane bags, and its dried instant puree, Tapuhit.

Its newer products are variations on the frozen potatoes — round sliced ones called Matba'ot (coins), little whole potatoes, Tapugol, and tiny cubes called Kubyotapud. Matba'ot and Tapugol are recommended for baking (though they can be fried too), while the precooked cubes are meant for salads and goulashes. Tapud is also coming out with frozen potato croquettes and instant potato pancake (latke) mix.

Before the luncheon, it had never occurred to me to buy commercially-prepared potatoes, either frozen or powdered. And now that I've finished my experiments, I doubt that I'll be buying them again — with the exception of the potato crisps. It's not that I object to anyone using convenience-type potato products if they like them. But for myself and my family, I simply don't find they are such a boon — time-wise, price-wise or taste-wise.

TAKE THE matter of deep-fried chips. It's true that you can fry a 400-gram package of frozen Tapugan in about five minutes. You end up with 300 grams of fried chips. But I find it takes me only five minutes to peel and cut up one kilo of fresh potatoes, and while it takes nearly 30 minutes to fry them, I can be preparing other parts of the meal at the same time. From a kilo of potatoes, I get 400 grams of finished chips, and the family prefers the homemade ones.

As for cost, a package of frozen Tapugan sells for IL2.43 including VAT, while a kilo of potatoes costs a maximum of IL2 these days. At these rates, every 100 grams of fried Tapugan comes to IL2.14, while 100 grams of homemade chips contains a mere IL2 worth of potatoes.

I must confess that I did not bother to calculate the relative amounts of oil used in frying homemade and Tapugan chips. It is probably true that the homemade ones absorb more, since Tapugan has already been partially fried at the factory before deep-freezing.

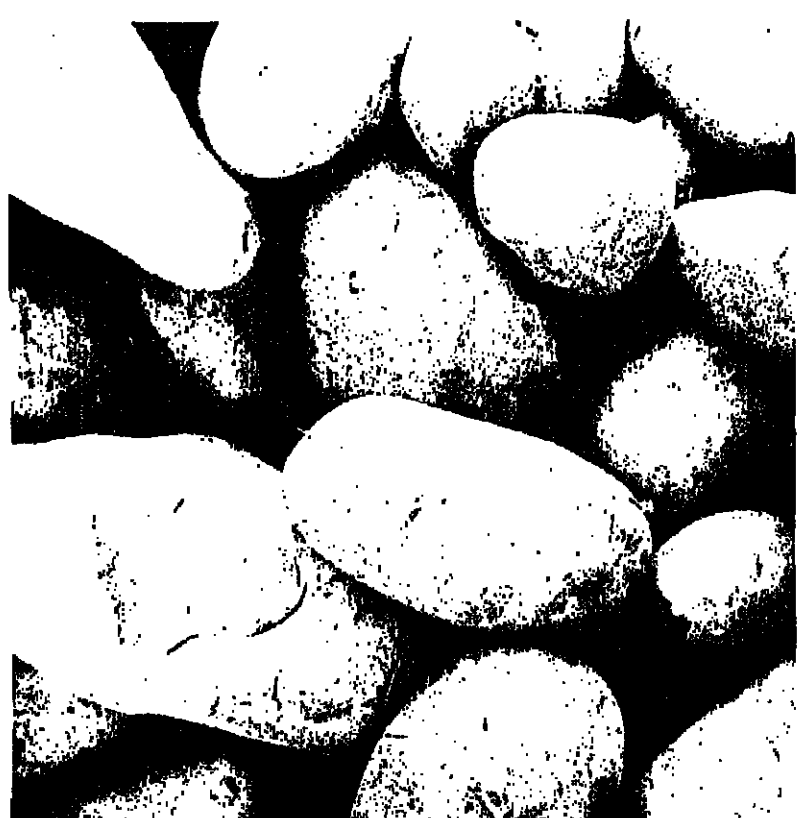
Personally, I don't find the oil a major expense in making chips, since I re-use it and only have to add a little fresh oil each time. The experts say you should strain used oil through cheesecloth, but I don't find this necessary if I pour the cooled oil into a glass jar; the clear oil pours off first, leaving the dregs in the pot.

How long can you re-use oil? Until the oil or what you cook with it has an unpleasant smell. Obviously, you should store the oil in a cool place (but not refrigerated), and should not let it stand too long before using it again.

There is one situation in which I can visualize a preference for the frozen chips, and that is if you are dieting. It is possible to cook

# EVERYTHING WITH CHIPS

## MARKETING WITH MARTHA



Tapugan in the oven or under the grill. They need little or no oil for, like Matba'ot, and Tapugol, they have been pre-fried at the factory.

By Tapud's own calorie figures, 100 grams of boiled potatoes contain 82 calories. The same weight of Tapud chips has 200 calories. If you deep-fry them, you will end up, the company says, with 300 calories per 100 grams. Only the tiny cubes (Kubyotapud) are cooked, rather than factory-fried, and hence have fewer calories.

It is hard to estimate the calorie count for homemade chips; diet books give varying figures for "average portions." Serious dieters steer clear of chips in any form.

I AM NOT particularly drawn to instant mashed potatoes (Tapuhit), as I don't find it much effort to peel and boil a few potatoes. And I prefer my puree without the "emulsifiers" and "preservatives" listed in Tapuhit's ingredients. However, it is a good thing for the emergency cupboard, since it keeps well for six months or more. A 100-gram packet costs IL2.10 including VAT, and, when mixed with water, produces 500 grams of puree. The company claims you need a kilo of potatoes to make the same amount yourself, so that Tapuhit costs just a fraction more than homemade puree.

Micha Noy, the distinguished chef who prepared Tapud's demonstration lunch at Tel Aviv's Shat Hotel, recommends Tapuhit powder in place of flour as a thickening agent for soups and sauces. It lends an interesting consistency, and is less apt to form lumps than flour. You can stir it straight into hot soup or sauce, without first mixing it with cold water.

Chief Noy also used the instant puree to make a marzipan-type sweet, which is more economical than using almond paste. It tasted quite good, but when I followed

the recipe at home, it was less successful.

If you would like to try it, here is Micha Noy's recipe for what he calls "Dietetic Marzipan" (presumably it has less calories than the real stuff).

TO A cup of boiling water in a saucepan, add a half-cup of sugar and one tablespoon of butter or margarine. As it boils, stir in a 100-gram packet of Tapuhit. Then add a quarter-teaspoon of vanilla and two tablespoons of finely-chopped almonds or shredded coconut. For variety you can add a half-teaspoon of cocoa or a quarter-teaspoon of instant coffee. You can add food coloring instead if you wish. In my opinion, almond essence would give more of a marzipan flavour than vanilla. Form small shapes (fruits, animals, etc.) from the mixture and refrigerate. You can decorate with candy sprinkles or other edible tidbits before using.

If you prefer your potatoes fresh, it is useful to know a little about the varieties available in Israel. Unfortunately, the Vegetable Production and Marketing Board has not yet carried out its promise to mount a potato publicity campaign. Also unfortunately, potatoes are not labelled as to type by the retailers, so the consumer has nothing to go by other than external appearance.

Usually, it is about all we can do to distinguish between "new" and "old" potatoes — the former fresh from the fields, the latter from cold storage. The cold-storage potatoes come on the market mainly in September, October and November. In other months, we have enough new potatoes, except for early April, when the spring crop is just beginning, or in very wet winter weeks, when harvesting cannot be done.

If cold storage is properly done, there is little difference in quality between new potatoes and old. But

if it is too cold, the starch begins to turn to sugar, and the potatoes get a sweetish taste, which most people don't like.

Cold-storage potatoes generally look darker and dustier than the new ones, which often have fresh-looking, flaky skins. This, however, makes them more difficult to peel. Generally, new potatoes cost somewhat more than old ones, and large potatoes cost more than small ones (under 60 grams).

Since the Agriculture Ministry introduced its "green ribbon" scheme for reduced-price vegetables and fruits, potatoes generally cost less per kilo at supermarkets than at the open-air markets. The trouble is that the supermarket potatoes are often of inferior quality. As this article went to press, the Marketing Board was about to lower the wholesale price of potatoes by about 25 agorot per kilo, to IL2.75 for the top quality. The retail price is generally IL2 a kilo above the wholesale price.

ABOUT THE ONLY strain of potatoes that the consumer can easily recognize is the relatively new-to-Israel Desiree type, which has a reddish skin. Although many shoppers were wary of these at first, they are gaining a reputation, as they are white-fleshed and hence desirable for chips and puree.

If we had proper labelling on potato types, we would also choose the Up-to-Date and Blanca strains for chips and puree, since these are also white-fleshed, and select the yellowish-fleshed Alphas, Miras, and Spuntas for cholents and stews. Ahiam Ben-Yakov, director-general of the Vegetable Board, told me there will be a major push to sell the huge Spuntas next year, since the farmers favour them for their high yield.

American newcomers to Israel often complain about the absence of Idaho-type potatoes, considered the best for baking whole. The skins get crisp, while the potato inside gets soft and fluffy, and can be eaten skin and all. Mr. Ben-Yakov tells me that the bar to growing Idaho potatoes has been a quarantine and not a climatic one, and attempts are again underway to bring this strain into Israel.

It is good to know that we are completely self-sufficient in potatoes, growing and consuming 120,000 tons a year. About 45,000 tons of this goes into industrial products — about one-third of this through Tapud.

GLANCING OVER my shoulder, as I wrote this, one of my colleagues remarked that his family uses frozen Tapugan only on camping trips. They don't generally bring frozen chips from home in their ice-cooled picnic hamper, but buy them at supermarkets near their camp sites and cook them in oil over the camp fire. In the ice hamper, too, they will keep cold enough for a day or two before cooking.

At home, it is recommended not to refreeze Tapud products once you have defrosted them. Refreezing will not endanger health, but it does affect the consistency of the potatoes.

For the really energetic: you can make your own frozen chips — by frying up a large quantity of sliced potatoes until they get a light golden gloss, then drain on paper towelling and cool. Freeze in clear plastic bags in the quantities you are likely to need for one meal. Do not salt them before freezing, but only after the final cooking.

— Martha Meisels

## Chinese dish

### CULINARY NOTES Haim Shapiro

WHILE WALKING along Jerusalem's Rehov Yafo some time ago, I noticed a little old man with various odds and ends spread out for sale before him.

Among them was a huge frying pan, almost a metre in diameter. Imprinted on its handle were an anchor and the number 40.

After a great deal of scouring, I finally got the pan into usable



shape. I must admit that I use it rarely, but when I do, it is always a pleasure.

The pan is especially useful for making Chinese fried rice, since its size makes it possible to try a number of items at the same time, mixing them at the last moment. Those who don't have such a pan would probably be wise to use the biggest one they have, together with a pot in which to keep everything warm.

Admittedly, fried rice is a dish honoured more in the West than in the East. The Chinese regard it merely as a snack, suitable for using up leftovers. We, on the other hand, find it very tasty, even if it does consist mainly of leftovers.

TO PREPARE fried rice for four people, pour about a tablespoon of oil into your frying pan and place it over a medium high flame. Beat four eggs with a little salt and scramble them in the pan.

Then push the eggs to one side (or into the warming pot), add another spoonful of oil and try a cup or two of coarsely chopped meat. The meat — chicken, beef or turkey — may be uncooked or cooked. Smoked breast of turkey could also be used.

While the meat is frying, season it liberally with soy sauce and ground ginger. Push the meat aside when it is brown and follow it with a large chopped onion.

After frying the onion, one may add a cup or two of one or more vegetables, such as shredded cabbage, carrot or string beans, cubed squash or cucumber, frozen peas or bean sprouts. The vegetables and the amounts you use will depend on what you have in the house. Cook them until they are tender but still crisp.

Finally, add a little more oil, turn up the heat, and throw in three or four cups of cooked rice. The rice should fry quickly before it has a chance to become a sticky mass.

Mix everything together and serve with soy sauce. □

## The Weekend Dry Bones

# MOTHER GOOSE



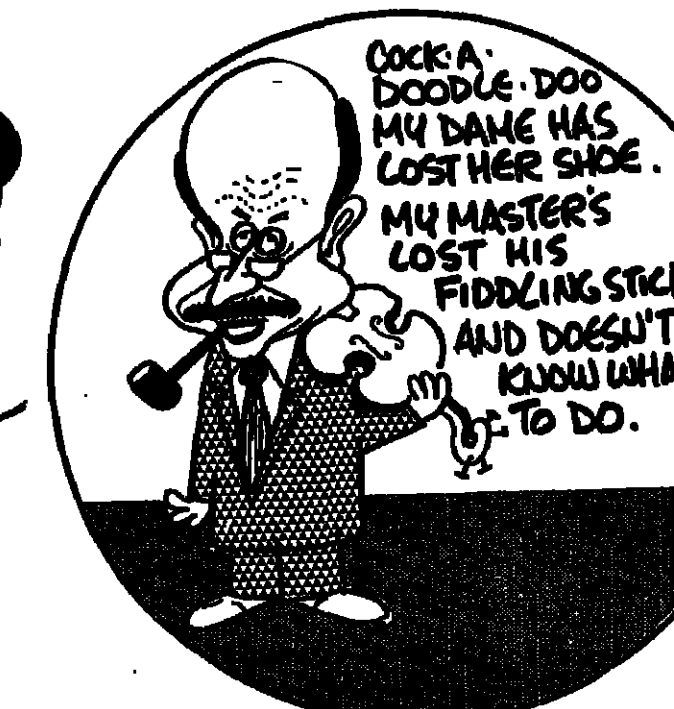
HUMPTY DUMPTY SAT ON A WALL, HUMPTY DUMPTY HAD A GREAT FALL...



LITTLE BO PEEP HAS LOST HER SHEEP



RUBA-DUB-DUB THREE MEN IN A TUB...



COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO MY DAME HAS LOST HER SHOE. MY MASTER'S LOST HIS FIDDLING STICK AND DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.



THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL AND SHE HAD A LITTLE CURL, RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF HER FOREHEAD; WHEN SHE WAS GOOD, SHE WAS VERY, VERY GOOD. BUT WHEN SHE WAS BAD SHE WAS HORRID.



YANKEE DOODLE CAME TO TOWN RIDING ON A PONY STUCK A FEATHER IN HIS CAP... AND CALLED IT MACARONI!?



THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN, AND HE RAN A CROOKED MILE...



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD WENT TO THE CUPBOARD

TO FETCH HER POOR DOG A BONE;

BUT WHEN SHE GOT THERE,

THE CUPBOARD WAS BARE, AND SO THE POOR DOG HAD NONE

SO MUCH FOR BIG POWER GUARANTEES

مَكْزَا مِنْ الْأَصْلِ